

The Listener

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Voluptas, one of the Three Graces: a detail from Botticelli's 'Primavera' (see the talk by Sir Kenneth Clark, page 875)

In Defence of American Capitalism

By Theodore Levitt

The New Power at the Vatican

By Robert Neville

Is Metaphysics Obsolete?

By Paul Roubiczek

Coming to Terms with Arab Nationalism

By Bernard Lewis

The Art of Jackson Pollock

By Lawrence Alloway

Impressions of the American Theatre

By Margaret Webster



*can you
picture yourself
in, say, 9 years'
time?*

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Unilever

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CONTENTS

CURRENT AFFAIRS:

- In Defence of American Capitalism (Theodore Levitt) ... 859
The New Power at the Vatican (Robert Neville) ... 861
Coming to Terms with Arab Nationalism (Bernard Lewis) 863
The French General Election (Thomas Cadett) ... 865

THE LISTENER:

- The Nation's Pictures ... 866
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ... 866

DID YOU HEAR THAT? (microphone miscellany) ... 867

THE REITH LECTURES:

- The Individual and the Universe—III (A. C. B. Lovell) ... 869

POEMS:

- Absent Summer (James Kirkup) ... 872
Freud in the Nursery (Vernon Scannell) ... 874
Burning the Stubble (Margaret Stanley-Wrench) ... 882

THE THEATRE:

- Impressions of the American Theatre (Margaret Webster) ... 873

ART:

- The Concealed God (Sir Kenneth Clark) ... 875
Jackson Pollock: 1912-1956 (Lawrence Alloway) ... 888

BIOGRAPHY:

- Robert Owen: Socialist Visionary (Maurice Cranston) ... 877

PHILOSOPHY: Is Metaphysics Obsolete? (Paul Roubiczek) ... 879

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ... 880

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

- From Henry Adler, Michael Kelly, James Innes, 'Eye Surgeon', Gerald Priestland, Norah E. Mason, A. L. Gray, and Reginald Piggott ... 885

LITERATURE:

- The Listener's Book Chronicle ... 889
New Novels (Goronwy Rees) ... 892

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

- Television Documentary (K. W. Gransden) ... 894
Television Drama (Ivor Brown) ... 894
Sound Drama (Ian Rodger) ... 895
The Spoken Word (David Paul) ... 897
Music (Dyneley Hussey) ... 897
Music on B.B.C. Television (Philip Hope-Wallace) ... 898

BRIDGE FORUM: Answers to Listeners' Problems (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese) ... 901

BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ... 903

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ... 903

CROSSWORD NO. 1,487 ... 903

In Defence of American Capitalism

By THEODORE LEVITT

THE short and turbulent history of capitalism is a magnificent spectacle; not only because of its organizing and productive efficacy, but also its remarkable capacity to adjust to and thrive under the most infelicitous conditions. From its very beginning its practitioners and advocates have countered all criticism and legislative restrictions with unrestrained alarm, anxiously contending that tinkering with the system's primeval purity would strangle and forthwith destroy it.

Yet here we are today, and, nationalisation and prophetic gloom notwithstanding, where capitalism survives it is stronger, more productive, more confident than ever before. There is a great deal of talk about how compromised it has become under the monstrous onslaught of reformers and politicians, but still it thrives. Private enterprise has demonstrated not only its considerable survival power but its astonishing ideological agility.

Look briefly at the American case. Little more than a half-century ago, a prominent tycoon answered his critics with this famous declaration: 'The public be damned'. In those days business men apologised for nothing. John D. Rockefeller, with classic faith in a fair but firm deity, said simply: 'God Almighty gave me my money'; and it made a Calvinist kind of specious sense, for if God had not approved of his sometimes questionable business methods, He obviously would not have permitted Rockefeller to acquire all that cash.

In those unselfconscious days the profit motive was a perfectly respectable article of faith—simple, clear, direct, unpartisan, and amoral; perfectly suited for men of precisely those characteristics. But in recent years many ideological contaminations have been introduced into capitalism's simple rhetoric by its own practitioners. Indeed, today it is a hallmark of managerial progressiveness to be not simply a sound and solid executive, but a social philosopher and practising 'do-gooder' as well. The new orthodoxy preached by business leaders themselves is not that the business of business is profit, but rather to serve the general welfare. Pure and simple profit

making is no longer an entirely satisfactory or respectable motive.

There is something in business besides business itself, the world's most powerful business executives declare. 'We must recognize the human values and relationships involved', Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., said while chairman of the board of General Motors Corporation, a company not noted for its utopian or socialistic propensities. Becoming even more self-consciously self-searching, the vice-president of a large life insurance company declared that business is primarily an attempt to fulfil the spiritual significance of the individual and his society. A swelling retinue of introspective corporate managers echoes these sentiments all over the world. Business, it is fervently affirmed, must become socially responsible. Significantly, this talk is not merely for public relations show, designed to keep the politicians and professional detractors at bay. It is deadly serious, and it is being translated into operation policies costing hard cash.

We all fear an omnipotent state because it creates a dull and oppressive conformity—a monolithic society with one locus of power, one authority, one arbiter of propriety. We want and need variety, diversity, spontaneity, competition—in short, pluralism. But at the rate we are going there is a good chance that business, with all its statesmanlike good intentions, may create the corporate equivalent of the unitary state. All its well-intended instruments of socially responsible behaviour raise the threat of the corporation being turned into a twentieth-century equivalent of the medieval Church. It could eventually invest itself with all-embracing social responsibilities, obligations, and, finally, powers.

The belief that one private institution should serve and thereby shape the complete lives of its members is by no means new to either American or European society. In the European experience there are numerous examples of men of the highest good intentions establishing all sorts of neo-feudal communities where the reigning monarch has been a benevolent business establishment spreading its protective gospel over the entire population. Perhaps the most famous and probably most elevated of these was

Robert Owen's New Lanark experiment in early nineteenth-century Britain. Coming directly to our own time, there is the highly publicized case of the Olivetti Corporation. Here is a company that virtually dominates and shapes the lives of its employees in Ivrea, Italy. It is an emancipated version of the company town that flourished in the coal-mining areas of America until relatively recently. The mining companies built communities from the bottom up, owning everything—houses, stores, schools, even churches, not to mention the local governments. Their immigrant-labour inhabitants lived hand to mouth, paycheck to paycheck, in constant debt to their employers, neither free nor slave, neither able effectively to protest nor to leave.

The Bleak Emancipating Message

The Olivetti situation is nothing as bad as that. Signor Adriano Olivetti, president and board chairman of the company, is a business man of noble, progressive, humanitarian and artistic temperament. While he controls and practically owns Ivrea, he has lifted the lives of its inhabitants to unparalleled heights of material welfare, cultural achievement, and spiritual well-being. For all this he is soundly applauded by liberals throughout the world and copied by his corporate peers. Yet this has nothing but the bleakest implications. Like any good inventor of an uplifting social doctrine, Signor Olivetti understandably wants to universalize his emancipating message. So there is now an Olivetti political party that controls the governments of forty surrounding communities in Italy. Yet as a political party born and rooted in the materialistic context of business, it has the makings of a quasi-feudal, pseudo-capitalist, neo-syndicalist monstrosity. The fact that it has nothing but the highest good intentions for the people's welfare is precisely where the evil lies.

In the old-fashioned company town there was at least the purifying abrasiveness of self-willed discontent. At Olivetti there is nothing but narcotic peace, magnificently sustained by attractive and comfortable corporate housing, modern corporate health services, corporate nursery schools, and the highest pay in the industry. The corporate ministration to the whole man is complete—not simply in its commendable provisions of material benefits from cradle to grave, but also its more influential provision of the less tangible amenities of cultural, educational, recreational, and ideological life. Is this the logical ultimate of socially responsible business enterprise?

In America and elsewhere certain labour unions are deliberately setting about doing much the same. Mr. Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers runs night schools, 'drop-in' centres for retired members, recreation halls; it supports grocery co-operatives; publishes and broadcasts household hints, recipes, and fashion news; and runs dozens of social, recreational, political, and action programmes that provide something for every member of the family every hour of the day. Other unions are similarly occupied. Thus the union is transformed from an important and desirable economic group into an all-wise father on whom millions become directly dependent for womb-to-womb ministration.

This is the kind of monolithic influence the corporation will eventually have if it becomes so preoccupied with its social burden, with employee welfare, community affairs, and with the body politic. Only when the corporation does this, it will do a much more thorough job than the union, as Olivetti has so clearly shown. The corporation is more protean and potentially more powerful than any democratic union ever dreamed of being. It is a self-made incubator and instrument of strength, more stable and better able to draw and hold a following than the union. It creates its own capital and its own power by the sheer accident of its doing what it is expected to do. By contrast, the union can do nothing unless the corporation successfully exists first. The union is, by comparison, an essentially luxury institution, not a necessity.

If the corporate ministry of man turns out to be only half as pervasive as it seems destined, it will turn into an elaborate enterprise of encompassing proportions. Whatever its animating good intentions, the crucial point is that we do not want a monolithic society, even a benevolent one. Moreover, an institution's behaviour in the pluralistic, competitive past is no guarantee of its behaviour once it reaches complete ascendancy. The trouble is that all major functional groups—business, labour, and government—are each trying to outdo the other

in introducing themselves into what should be our private lives.

So far the movement of 'big-business' social consciousness and social service is young and fairly unpretentious. But when it gathers momentum and becomes thoroughly professionalized its success will be unbounded. It can make its authority sweet as honey by making itself, as Olivetti has done, the embodiment of material welfare, unbounded security, amusing diversion, and edifying ideology. It will be far more efficient and powerful than the medieval Church. It may have no intention of doing this, but what we get is seldom what we plan. History does not move on tracks made by rational social engineers.

Welfare and society are not the corporation's business. Its business is making money, not sweet music. The same goes for unions. Their business is 'bread-and-butter' and job rights. In a free-enterprise system, welfare is supposed to be automatic. Where it is not, that becomes government's job. That is the idea of pluralism. Government's job is not business, and business's job is not government. The same goes for trade unions. Unless these functions are resolutely separated in all respects, they are eventually combined in every respect. In the end the danger is not that government will run business or labour, or that business or labour will run government, but rather that any two or three of them will coalesce into a single power, unopposed and unopposable. But if business is not to preach and practise social responsibility, welfare and self-restraint, it may legitimately ask: 'How else can we effectively deal with our critics, the political attacks, the confining legislation?' The answer is fairly simple: to perform its main task so well that critics cannot make their charges stick, and then to assert forthrightly its functions and accomplishments with the same aroused spirit that made nineteenth-century capitalism as great as it was extreme.

The American Telegraph and Telephone Company

An indication of how remarkably effective solid devotion to the main profit-building job can be in dissuading political attack and legislative onslaught is provided by several American companies. Take the American Telegraph and Telephone Company. Here is a private enterprise enjoying what amounts to a natural monopoly in nation-wide telephone service. More than fifty years ago its then president, Mr. Theodore Vail, recognized its vulnerability to nationalization. He determined to fight that vulnerability by something better than simply propaganda claims and denouncing the company's critics as socialists and 'un-American'. He established a policy that has to this day kept it free of the slightest demand for nationalization. While reformers single out less eligible companies for government ownership, A.T. and T. is never mentioned. The reason is Vail's successful profit-making formula of uncompromising devotion to taking care of the customer's needs. Here are the rules he laid down, which are all still in effect:

Dedicated, no-quibbling, all-out, and dignified service to the customer. Nothing would not be done, no excuses were to be offered, and in the company's direct contact with customers, they were to be treated with royal regard and served with dispatch.

A.T. and T. was to undertake a continuous and vigorous programme of product improvement and communications innovation—bringing the results to the public as fast and as cheaply as possible. While American railroads sat back, fat and self-satisfied as airlines and trucks stole their business, A.T. and T., with no competitors, was being restless, creative, productive, and an enormously good provider.

The company management was to make it an uncompromisable duty to provide service wherever it was demanded, regardless of difficulties and cost; and it was to assume the obligation of finding the necessary capital and making the necessary profit to do the job—without running to government for subsidies and hand-outs.

The merits of this policy are magnificently self-evident. The critics attack only the vulnerable, those whom the public dislikes in the first place.

I am not arguing that management should ignore its critics. Some of them have often made a good case against business's social delinquencies and against its shortsightedness in fighting almost all of government's efforts to provide security and welfare. Nor am I arguing that management should not keep the welfare of its employees in mind and look to that welfare. Corporate welfare

(continued on page 901)

The New Power at the Vatican

By ROBERT NEVILLE



The late Pope Pius XII walking on the terrace of his summer residence at Castelgandolfo; and (left) Pope John XXIII talking to Cardinal Tien Ken-sin, Archbishop of Peiping, China (seated, right), during an audience at the Vatican on November 6.

At a distance from Rome the various Pontiffs of the Roman Church tend to look much alike. From afar the familiar figure dressed in white, with the outstretched arms giving his benediction *urbi et orbi* from the loggia of St. Peter's, seems the same, no matter during what reign. But get up close and the blur disappears. As any schoolboy in the Eternal City could tell you, there can be an enormous difference between one Pope and another. Some of the differences, to be sure, may be merely in personality and temperament. There have been Popes who were warm and tolerant, and others who were cold and rather severe. Some Popes have been 'close' with money, while others have been so generous they left the Vatican coffers with hardly a lira. Some have been rather weak in administration and strong in theology, and *vice versa*.

There are also differences that might be classified as significant. Take as an example the one big pressing problem of the Vatican today, the problem of how to handle the affairs of the Church in the Communist countries of eastern Europe. One Pope is likely to tackle this question in a manner entirely different from another. For example, most of those who follow Vatican affairs are certain that had Pope Pius XI (whose reign preceded that of the late Pius XII) been alive during these post-war years he would probably have led the Catholics of eastern Europe into a much more active period of persecution. Pius XI was said to have become convinced in the last months of his life that it was not possible to compromise with an authoritarian régime. But under his successor, Pius XII, Vatican policy has obviously been one of avoiding persecution where at all possible, of trying one's best in face of mounting difficulties to continue to succour and comfort the devout and faithful. One of the things to watch for in the new reign of John XXIII will be the first small indication of how he intends to treat this problem of the Church behind the Iron Curtain.

It takes some time before the general outlines of a new pontificate begin to take shape. No new Pope ever makes what might be called a programmatic speech giving the policies he intends to follow. Vatican tradition dictates that there must be no unseemly haste about announcing policies. The Church has been here for 2,000 years, will be here for thousands more, and it is consequently

rather indecent to rush into decisions. Moreover, the Vatican is an enormously subtle place where nothing is ever done directly if it can possibly be accomplished indirectly, and where the failure to act can be as significant as doing something. One often needs a translator to interpret the opening moves of a new papal reign.

The most expert judges of events in the Vatican are doubtless the Romans, who over the centuries have developed a fine instinct in matters relating to the papacy. The Romans are the one people able to mix great respect with great familiarity in talking about Popes. They have an entire catalogue of wise, down-to-earth sayings about the Roman Pontiff. They recite homely anecdotes about past rulers of the Church in much the same way as children's histories in Britain tell stories about the early English kings. They even make up jokes about their Popes, and some of these jokes, to foreign ears at least, border on the irreverent. To the Romans, the Pope is not merely a figure who appears now and then on a distant balcony, but rather a man of flesh and blood who lives among them and often influences their daily lives.

Already the Romans fancy that they can discern a few tell-tale signs giving some idea of the kind of Pope John XXIII will be. They see a striking contrast between the late Pope and the new Pope. Some part of this contrast is inherent in the backgrounds of the two men. Pope Pacelli, or Pius XII, for example, came from a Roman family and was a product of that urbane, sophisticated, worldly-wise, slightly cynical society. The late Pope's three nephews, Princes Giulio, Carlo, and Marcantonio Pacelli, are suave men of the world who move in the highest circles of Roman society. Pope Roncalli, or John XXIII, on the other hand, comes from a family of poor, simple, bluff farmer folk, the members of which still till the soil on petty acreages in the north of Italy. Pius XII was a pale, thin, lonely, ascetic man who ate and drank most frugally. The generous proportions of John XXIII, in contrast, would indicate a hearty type who enjoys now and then a good plate of spaghetti. He is certainly no stranger to the dinner table.

The late Pope was rather aloof, for all the thousands of devout he received in audiences. He had no small talk. The new Pope, in contrast, enjoys mixing with people, even on an informal basis,

and has already several times wandered casually about odd corners of the Vatican where he has struck up conversations with gardeners, carpenters, guards, and the like. The point most similar about the two Popes is that both served long and successfully as professional diplomats of the Church. But whereas Pacelli was never a parish priest and never filled a bishopric, Roncalli topped off his diplomatic career with five years of pastoral work in Venice. Pius XII's speciality was canon law; John XXIII seems to be in the tradition of the humanist Popes. He is an authority on the life and times of the great post-Reformation cardinal-saint of Milan, Carlo Borromeo, and is the author of a wordy, rather heavily written, five-volume treatise on the various visits that Borromeo made to Roncalli's home town of Bergamo, in the foothills of the Alps to the east of Milan. John XXIII is such an admirer of Borromeo that he chose St. Charles's Day as the day for his own coronation.

The New Pope's Name

The Romans, inclined perhaps to read too much between the lines, have seen significance even in the new Pope's choice of a name for himself—the name John. There had not been a Pope John since the early fourteenth century, and many of the Johns who reigned during these years were most unworthy occupants of the Throne of St. Peter. To ears used to a succession of Piuses interspersed with an occasional Benedict or Leo, the name of John does somehow sound strange. There was speculation that here perhaps was the new Pope's subtle way of announcing that the era—and consequently the policies—of the various Piuses of the last 100 years had definitely ended. But actually there was probably nothing so calculated as that in John XXIII's mind. As he himself explained it, His Holiness liked the name of John for various reasons: first, that was the name of his father; second, that was the name of the favourite disciple of Jesus. As the new Pope noted, there were glorious cathedrals all over the world bearing the name of John.

But these are fairly trivial matters. In the category of those more important come moves which seem to indicate that Pope John XXIII intends to go back to some of the older practices of the Vatican which were virtually abandoned in the last years of the pontificate of Pius XII. A standard complaint under Pius XII was that often the Pope was so busy giving mass audiences that he had little time to see visiting prelates. The regular fixed visits of bishops to the Pope have now been resumed, thus re-establishing continuous contact between the head of the Church and his various lieutenants in the field. Several important posts at the Vatican which were long left vacant under Pius XII have also been quickly and quietly filled. There seems every probability that the Vatican will soon have again even a cardinal secretary of state, an important post which has not had an occupant since the early years of the Pacelli reign. Usually the end of one pontificate and the beginning of another is the time for a complete changeover of important jobs at the Holy See. No spoils system is so sweeping as that of the Vatican. But with John XXIII it has been less a question of sweeping clean the administration of his predecessor than of filling up the empty chairs left by him.

The most important development of the new reign to date has been the indication that the new Pope intends to revitalize the College of Cardinals and use that august body much more than did his predecessor. It took the death of the late Pope and the ceremonies attendant upon it for people outside the Vatican to realize how much centralization of administration had taken place during the last reign. While the Popes are absolute rulers whose word within the Church is law, their usual habit has been to delegate power and to call frequently upon the Princes of the Church, assembled in consistory, for counsel. The Popes reigned, but usually left it to the cardinals to rule. But during the last five years or so of the Pacelli reign the cardinals were frequently by-passed. Pius XII made almost no use of what has long been known as the Church's Senate and ruled instead in a personal way, through a group of relatively young monsignori. The story is told at Rome that if the Nunzio Apostolico at Santiago in Chile, for example, happened to want a third typewriter for his office, he had to get the Pope's personal approval for the purchase.

In a way Pius XII was a memorable Pope. He clearly realized

that this was an age of mass appeal. He took advantage of the fact that the post-war years were also a time of mass tourism. Largely through an elaborate system of audiences to which young and old, saint and sinner, rich and poor, devout and sceptical, were all equally welcome, the late Pope projected the papacy into the consciousness of the world in a way few others have ever done. During these post-war years the Pope's frail figure became one of the world's prominent symbols for good.

But, successful as he was, this was accomplished at the considerable neglect of church administration. Cardinals do not say much to outsiders, and it is difficult to gauge the true sentiments of the Sacred College at any time. But the younger priests in the cardinals' retinues have no such inhibitions about gossiping. If what they said before and after the recent conclave reflected at all their cardinals' thinking, then the collective sense of the Sacred College was that the moment has arrived to declare time out and do a little needed housekeeping. Looking at the matter from a purely practical standpoint, a long pontificate is not considered desirable at the Vatican. Any régime which lasts a long while, whether papal or political, becomes set in its ways, is often unable to meet the challenge of changing conditions, and is likely to develop hardening of the administrative arteries.

Extreme secrecy governs the holding of any conclave. Conclavists must vow, on pain of excommunication, never to divulge, not even on their deathbeds, what transpired at the election of a Pope. Generally it is only decades later, if at all, that the world knows what really went on. Several Italian newspapers have printed in recent days what they declared to be blow-by-blow accounts of the last conclave and how the selection of Cardinal Roncalli came about, but one suspects that these accounts came more from putting two and two together on the basis of known tendencies, and then guessing, rather than inside knowledge.

Hazards of Prediction

At any rate, the mere results of the conclave tell a great deal. Before it started, there was much talk of electing a non-Italian pope for the first time since the sixteenth century; apparently the College of Cardinals, although no longer with an Italian majority, felt the time not ripe for such an adventurous step. Before the conclave there was much theorizing that a group of four or five Curia cardinals had such control of the congregations and tribunals that they could virtually dictate the choice of Pius XII's successor. But Cardinal Roncalli was certainly not the candidate of this Curia group; his election not only proves how fleeting is power in the Vatican but how hazardous it is to predict the outcome of any conclave. Before the conclave there was much talk of a 'transition' Pope; in other words, a Pontiff who could not be expected to last long. In the sense that Cardinal Roncalli was elected Pope at a time when he was nearing his seventy-seventh birthday, the description perhaps fits. The most vigorous years of his life are surely behind him. But those who think in terms of a short reign may yet be fooled. Pope John XXIII comes from sturdy stock noted for its longevity. Both his parents, for example, lived well into the eighties.

Transition Pope or not, the new sovereign shows every sign of being a thorough-going traditionalist. In small ways he may do the unusual, such as striking up conversations with an occasional gardener, but in the broadest sense he obviously intends to follow the tried and true pattern of papal behaviour established and maintained throughout the centuries.—*Third Programme*

A life of the great Scottish churchman *John White* has been written by Augustus Muir (Hodder and Stoughton, 42s.). The Duke of Gloucester, who was Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1949, contributes a foreword. The biography is based upon Dr. White's voluminous personal papers and is a valuable addition to the history of the modern Kirk. From the Epworth Press comes a new and critical edition of two documents fundamental to the history of the United States: *The Journal and Letters of Francis Asbury*. Born near Birmingham in 1745, Asbury was one of Wesley's 'travelling preachers', made his way to America in 1771 and became the acknowledged leader of the American Methodists. The Epworth Press edition is in three volumes, two being devoted to the Journal and one to the Letters. They are edited by Elmer T. Clark (editor-in-chief), J. Manning Potts, and Jacob S. Payton, and cost £7 10s. the set.

Coming to Terms with Arab Nationalism

By BERNARD LEWIS

THE past few years have brought many defeats to Western policy in the Middle East. One of the most dramatic of these was the revolution in Iraq last July. This, by overthrowing the friendly régime of the monarchy and of Nuri Sa'id, destroyed one of the main supports on which Western policy in the Arab world had rested; it also left the others, notably the Kingdom of Jordan, in a position of obvious weakness and isolation.

At the same time, however, the Iraqi revolution gave the West a new opportunity; for, by liquidating the main Western commitment in the Arab lands, it made possible a new and independent reappraisal of Western purposes and policies. There have been different suggestions about how this newly found freedom of action should be used. One of them, for which many voices have argued both in this country and in the United States, is that the West should seize the opportunity to 'come to terms with Arab nationalism'. Some speak wistfully of how easy all would be if the West could only meet Arab wishes—this being usually interpreted to mean those wishes that can be satisfied at the expense of other parties. This kind of policy, called appeasement by its opponents, has many forms, most of which can be reduced to a formula on these lines: 'If only the others would give way, *we* and the Arabs could get on perfectly well. Let *us* therefore induce the others to meet Arab demands'. The identity of '*we*' and of '*the others*' can be filled in according to taste; nationally—Britain, France, America, Israel; or sectionally—governments, armies, commerce—or in whatever other ways interest and prejudice may indicate.

The policy of what one might call vicarious appeasement, of being ready to make every sacrifice of the interests of others, has never been an effective method of winning either esteem or goodwill. The Arab, in whose traditional scale of values justice and generosity are the two cardinal virtues, is especially unlikely to accord his respect to those who practise this kind of appeasement. If 'coming to terms with Arab nationalism' simply means piecemeal and delegated appeasement of a kind familiar in the past, we can say at once that it will fail. It will arouse, not the esteem, but the well-deserved contempt of the Arabs; it will, in addition, create dissension and mistrust among the Western Powers.

Some of the exponents of 'coming to terms' are aware of this, and are prepared for a comprehensive settlement, even at the cost of sacrifices of their own interests, as a preliminary to real friendship and co-operation between the West—or their own section of it—and the Arab world. The first question that arises here is: what is the extent of the Arab demands that have to be met? Judging by the statements of Arab spokesmen, they would not be small, and would probably amount to the ending of all foreign rule and tutelage in Arab lands or lands claimed as Arab—to the abandonment of the British positions in Arabia, and of the French positions in north Africa. The future of Israel and of several non-Arab states in Asia and Africa with Arab minorities would also be involved.

The operation once known as 'driving the Jews into the sea' has now been generally abandoned, except on the home market, as unrealistic. The official Arab demand is no longer for the immediate destruction of Israel but for its reduction to the frontiers laid down in the 1947 partition proposals. Since Israel, clearly, would not voluntarily submit to such a truncation, and since the Arab states alone are unable to enforce it, this amounts in effect to a demand for an imposed settlement by the Great Powers—a kind of compulsory surgery on the conference table, in which, perhaps, Soviet arms would wield the knife while Western diplomacy administered the anaesthetic.

This was never a very probable contingency, and is still less

so now. Nor is it likely that Britain, France, and other interested powers will be ready to give way without further ado to the demands of the nationalists. Is there, then, no possibility of a compromise—of a sacrifice of something less than all, which might open the way to friendship and alliance? It is possible but doubtful, since the remaining grievances would still be there as a distraction,

as glowing embers which a gust of hate could quickly fan into a flame. And if all were indeed to be given, would Arab leaders then settle down to peaceful reconstruction at home and friendly co-operation abroad? Or would a new and more deadly internal crisis burst when new military nationalist rulers, with no better capacity for confronting their real economic and social problems, were left to face the undivided and undiverted anger of their people? Or would another Great Power, the U.S.S.R., have meanwhile stepped in to fill the vacuum?

It is no doubt with these considerations in mind—disbelief in the possibility or efficacy of real appeasement—that some have recommended the contrary policy, of firmly opposing, or at least disregarding, Arab nationalism. This line is often supported by such dubious pieces of colonial folk-lore as 'the Arab only understands force'. Apart from the moral aspects, one may question whether such a policy of force is feasible or desirable, and wonder about its possible effects in Asia and Africa—indeed in much of Europe. But is there really only a straight choice between appeasement and domination? Is there no way of achieving a reasonable, human relationship? Could this be what is meant by 'coming to terms with Arab nationalism'?

The Arabs are a great and gifted people. Their magnificent language, their rich classical literature, the imperial civilization which they fathered in the days of their glory—all these entitle them to a respect which is reinforced by the charm and generosity that are their most characteristic personal qualities. Yet the prevailing Arab attitude to the West is one of deep mistrust and hostility. There are real grievances that the Arabs can bring against the West. But their removal—as, for example, the withdrawal of British garrisons from the Canal zone which began in 1954-55—often seems to make matters worse rather than better. Every Western action or statement, even the best-intentioned, receives the worst possible interpretation, any rebuff offered to the West can be sure of enthusiastic approval.



All this is in marked contrast with the indulgence shown to another great imperial power: Russia. While the last rearguards of Western Empire are ceaselessly harried, Russian rule over vast Muslim territories in Asia passes uncriticized, almost unnoticed. Russian gift-horses—last year in Syria, this year in Egypt—are received with apparently unreserved delight; Western gift-horses are not merely looked in the mouth—they are examined with dental X-rays, and then either rejected with contempt, or grudgingly and almost surreptitiously accepted.

The Phenomenon of Nasserism

This general wave of reaction against the West, transcending particular disputes or particular grievances, has been growing for some time. It reached its climax in the phenomenon of Nasserism. Colonel Nasser is not the only exponent of Arab nationalism. Kasim in Baghdad, Bourguiba in Tunis, the parliamentarians in Beirut, even the surviving monarchs in Arabia and North Africa, are all Arab nationalists and may challenge Nasser's right to speak for all the Arabs. Some see in Nasser only an Egyptian imperialist; others claim that he has passed his peak and is beginning to lose power and influence. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Nasserism represents the most important single development among the Arabs for a long time, and has aroused their hopes and aspirations as never before. It is this phenomenon that we must now try to understand.

The military régime in Egypt and the policies of Colonel Nasser have been made the subject of many comparisons. Nasser is Hitler, Nasser is Mussolini; Nasser is Atatürk, Nasser is Orabi; Nasser is Perón, and, most ominous of all, Nasser is Kerensky. The comparison between the Egyptian junta and the Nazi régime in Germany derives some colour from the frequent reports heard of late on the employment of Nazi German 'experts' in Egypt, especially in the apparatus of surveillance and repression. These reports, and the adoption by Colonel Nasser of such tainted documents as the so-called 'Protocols of the Elders of Zion', seem to indicate a degree of moral obtuseness in the Egyptian régime of a kind that is fairly widespread in the modern world, but not necessarily any greater degree of resemblance to the Nazi dictatorship than is implied in that. The comparison with Atatürk, another Muslim, Middle Eastern, military leader, who built an authoritarian republic on the ruins of a monarchy, seems more promising, but breaks down on closer examination; for the striking thing about Kemal Atatürk is that, having achieved the liberation of the national soil, he deliberately turned his back on all further claims and adventures—though there were many that might have tempted a Turkish leader in 1923. Instead he devoted himself to the hard unpopular work of rebuilding Turkey.

The foreign policy pursued by the Egyptian government during the past few years, and the pronouncements from time to time of some of its members, give a semblance of validity to the Kerensky hypothesis, as does also the disquieting resemblance between the present condition of the Arab states and that of Russia in 1917—though here, it may be noted in passing, another candidate has lately emerged with perhaps a better claim than Nasser to the title of the Arab Kerensky.

It may be that Russian influence in the Middle East has already grown to such an extent that the nature of Nasserism and the policies of Nasser are of purely academic interest, and that the power of decision has passed out of his hands. In that case the only resort of the West would be to a policy of containment and precaution, to limit the damage and prevent it from spreading. In devising and applying such a policy, considerations of relations between the West and the Arabs would be subordinate to the main issue of relations between the West and Russia.

Whether or not this point has already been reached I do not myself know. If it has not—and we should be careful not to anticipate and thus accelerate disaster before it has occurred—then it becomes urgently necessary for the West to have an Arab policy. With this need in mind I want to set out, in a series of propositions, what seem to be the essential features of the present situation in the Arab lands, and the considerations that should determine the formulation of a Western policy towards them.

By revulsion from more than a century of Western domination and influence, the Arab attitude to the West is now generally hostile. By contrast, the Arab attitude to Russia, not coloured

by any previous similar record of relations, is emotionally neutral. This being so, in any struggle for positions of power and influence, with Russia and the West using the same political and commercial means, Russia has a great initial psychological advantage. This advantage is reinforced by the familiar and intelligible authoritarian methods and political style of the Russians, as contrasted with the unfamiliar and, to most Arabs, unintelligible democratic processes of the West.

Neither total repression of Arab opposition nor total appeasement of Arab demands is possible. The partial or sectional use of either method would not advance Western interests in the Arab world. The Arab countries are going through a profound crisis in their history, causing a period of economic, social, and political instability. This crisis, though it may be exploited by communists, is not caused by them. In Arab eyes, it is caused by the West. This is partially true, in that its origins may be traced back to the disruptive effects of Westernization on traditional Islamic society. Though the transformation was due at least as much to Arab Westernizers as to Western overlords, the crisis of Arab society was precipitated by a movement of recognizably Western provenance. The resulting sense of outrage colours Arab attitudes to the West, and to any project or proposal emanating from it. A contributory cause of hostility is the continuance of Western rule in some outlying parts of the Arab world.

A natural and healthy solution to the Arab crisis can be found only by the Arabs themselves. Outside interference, from East or West, delays such a solution, by diverting Arab attention to political problems and adventures, and thus impeding the emergence of constructive Arab statesmanship. To the achievement of such a solution the West can perhaps make its only possible constructive contribution by giving economic and technical aid, provided that some way can be found of reconciling the giver's interest in the economic and efficient use of his gift, and the taker's interest in avoiding any infringement of his independence and freedom of action. Such help should be given for the sake of the long-term improvement of the economic and, therefore, ultimately, the political conditions of the Arab countries. Any hope of immediate political or military advantage to the West from that help would be illusory, and any attempt to secure it self-defeating.

Israel is now ten years old and a member of U.N., and its continued existence, like that of any other sovereign state, has become an axiom of the present system of world politics. The Arabs, however reluctantly, are beginning to accept this. Though no general solution of the problem of Arab-Israel relations is in sight, it would be brought nearer if that problem could be disengaged from the conflicts of the Great Powers.

Genuine Neutrality

As a necessary preliminary to the solution of the Arab crisis, the interests of the Arabs require the political neutralization of their countries. This should mean genuine neutrality, and not neutralism; that is, exacerbating and exploiting the rivalries of the great powers, for immediate political advantage. In view of the Western handicap in the Middle East, the West's interest lies in the cessation of the Cold War in that area. The West's interests thus coincide with the real interests of the Arabs, though not necessarily with the policies of particular Arab governments. In global terms, as long as the Cold War continues, the West must safeguard certain minimum positions in and near the Arab world, in self-defence. These should be kept to the absolute minimum possible and, on an agreed definition, should be treated as the combined interests of the Western alliance.

Apart from this, the West should ostentatiously disengage from Arab politics, and in particular from inter-Arab politics. While bound by both honour and self-interest to assist those who have put their trust in them, the Western Powers should seek or manufacture no further Arab allies, and neither court nor rebuff Arab governments. This need not harm, and might help, normal commercial relations. After a period of time, friendlier and warmer relations between the West and the Arab world may—probably will—become possible. But our part in achieving this must be largely negative; to refrain from acting rather than to act. Friendship will be possible only when Arab nationalism is prepared to come to terms with the West.—*Third Programme*

The French General Election

By THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent

Only thirty-nine seats were filled in the first ballot of the French General Election last Sunday. The Communists' voting loss, Thomas Cadett reported in 'Radio Newsreel', was 'very real'. In this talk, broadcast earlier, Mr. Cadett discussed the character and significance of the election.

TWO thousand eight hundred candidates belonging to eighteen different parties were fighting for 465 seats in the first round of the French General Election last Sunday. However new the Fifth Republic may be, here at least was a link with the past. In fact, from some aspects this election was an even more confused affair than those of the past. Unless he sympathized with the Communists and their open readiness to destroy democracy altogether, or with Pierre Poujade, who damned everything and everybody but had no programme, how was the elector to choose between the remaining turmoil of party groups, some of them entirely new? Nearly all lay claim to the same thing, a spiritual affinity with de Gaulle. For many electors General de Gaulle was a man made in their own image; for some de Gaulle was a man who intended to crush the rebellion in Algeria, and to merge the territory into the very body and soul of France; for others, he was a wise but cautious statesman with essentially liberal ideas—a man who is biding his time in the hope that sooner or later it will be possible to satisfy the aspirations of the moderate Algerian nationalists while maintaining the link with France; for others again he was a man whose attitude towards the country's internal problems corresponded with their own. For good measure, from all sides came the call for a change from the party intrigues, the struggles, and the manoeuvres which everybody agrees disgraced and finally destroyed the Fourth Republic.

A Complicated Choice

The electors' choice was perhaps slightly complicated by one thing: more than 400 members of the last National Assembly were standing again—in other words, the very men who helped to build up the system they now revile. Furthermore, while everyone agreed that there were too many parties before, some of these men of the old régime nevertheless split among themselves and fought each other. For example, Georges Bidault, one of the leaders of the M.R.P. or Christian Democrats, moved away to form a new group called *Démocratie Chrétienne* or Christian Democracy. This group works in loose association with others, and they, too, are new in name though they are made up in part of some seasoned politicians, to say the least. One is the Republican Centre, another is the Union for the new Republic or U.N.R., led by Jacques Soustelle, which claims to be the real Gaullist Party. The Socialists also split, and the same process has affected the Radicals.

For the occasion, the French have gone back to single-member constituencies instead of the previous scheme by which candidates were elected in groups from party lists put up for entire departments or counties. But, under this latest arrangement, to get in at the first ballot, a candidate had to get more than one half of the total votes cast: where nobody did this, there will be another ballot next Sunday, and whoever gets the most votes then will be in. Often, either by previous arrangement or on the spur of the moment, candidates agreed among themselves to stand down in favour of another whose ideas roughly corresponded to their own, and who had the best chance of being elected at the second ballot. Sometimes, in spite of party rivalries, there was a general movement to support the candidate most likely to down the Communists.

When the new one-member constituencies were mapped out they were, wherever possible, deliberately so drawn as to prejudice the Communist interest. This has been done with such cool efficiency that the Communists themselves did not expect to secure more than about one third of the 150 seats that they had after the last election. That made them not only the strongest party in the

Assembly but also a real spanner in the works. Nevertheless, the Communists put up candidates everywhere, the idea being to count their votes in the nation as a whole, and then point to the small number of seats that they have in proportion and ask: 'Do you call that democracy?'

One inevitable effect of the single-member constituency has been, of course, to stress the question of personality. Smaller constituencies, and the accent on the personal touch naturally call for the intimate approach, and so there was a good deal of canvassing this time, and a tendency towards small meetings held in cafés and schoolrooms. There was little sign of any great enthusiasm in the country as a whole, and nobody expected the turnout of voters to be as high as it was in the referendum. With so many parties and singularly few really well-defined programmes, what was there to touch the imagination of the man-in-the-street? Where were the colourful personalities? The only one among the Old Guard who really attracts the interest—angry or admiring, but at least real interest—is Pierre Mendès-France, the man who ended the Indo-China war, strangled the European Defence Community at birth, and had the courage at the referendum to tell people to say 'no' and to say 'no' himself.

During a fortnight's trip in the Provinces, mainly south and south-west, I went to a meeting of Pierre Poujade's—the thirty-seven-year-old small-town stationer, whose new party, based on anti-tax agitation, took over fifty seats at the last election. In tones of wonderful malice he read out a confidential circular issued to tax-collectors, telling them not to push people too hard during the election period. 'Let's pray for elections every month', said Poujade, amid roars of laughter. And he went on in an effeminate voice: 'I can just see the collector coming along with a rose in his hair, waving your money away, and saying: "Please keep it, my dear—I'm sure you need it more than we do!"' It was only a small town he was in, but there was a big crowd in the local hall, and they enjoyed every bit of it. But he was the exception.

—From Our Own Correspondent (Home Service)

'THE LISTENER'

next week will be a

CHRISTMAS BOOK NUMBER

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Frank Thistlethwaite

This number will contain 64 pages and will be published at the usual price of sixpence

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The Nation's Pictures

SIR KENNETH CLARK, at the start of a recent broadcast which we print today, has much to say about changing fashions in man's approach to the history of art. Although his theme is different, his words are in tune with an important section of the latest report of the Trustees of the National Gallery*. This is the section which explains how various trends in the appreciation of pictures have helped to dictate the making of Britain's national collection in the past, and how as a result serious deficiencies have arisen which unbalance the collection as a whole. The Trustees' policy is to attempt to fill these gaps, and the present report records what has been done in the last two years. For instance, the Gallery's first Italian baroque altar-piece has been secured (a large Guido Reni, in remarkably fresh condition); and other welcome additions of this kind are pictures by Tiepolo and Esaias van de Velde. These were purchases bought with help from such private sources as trust funds and the National Art-Collections Fund. Tribute for securing them should be paid to the Trustees and to the Director, Sir Philip Hendy, who have shown—on the sadly reduced scale permitted them—initiative and imagination worthy of past traditions of British collecting.

But it seems that such newly acceded masterpieces as a *Pietà* by Rogier van der Weiden and a triptych by Hans Memlinc (the money values of which bear no comparison with those of the purchases) have only found their way into the Gallery by chance, that is to say through the fortuitous operation of a sensible clause in the 1956 Finance Act. This allows the nation to accept, in lieu of death duties, outstanding masterpieces which would otherwise inevitably leave the country. The fact emerges that the only public funds received by the Gallery which can be used to pursue any systematic policy of acquisition amount to no more than £12,500 a year. This is described in the report as 'ludicrously unrealistic' and 'half of what the National Gallery Trustees asked for as long ago as 1917'. But it is not suggested that this purchase grant should be increased to the extent necessary to make it possible to buy pictures as important as the Memlinc. That would be impractical, since the price of exceptional works of this kind has become astronomically high, perhaps a quarter of a million pounds or more—the sort of figure that some North American museums and foundations are prepared to offer. No, the Trustees merely ask that their regular annual purchase grant should be fixed at the comparatively modest sum of £150,000. They ask, in fact, for sufficient means to pursue a considered policy.

Their chairman, Professor Lionel Robbins, answered questions on the point in the B.B.C.'s programme 'At Home and Abroad'. He explained that a distinction must be made between the purchase of expensive and outstanding masterpieces and what he called 'routine purchasing, the acquisition of desirable works which come on the market from time to time and for which we need to have funds readily available so that we can go in and get them, at a reasonable price'. The need therefore is for the chairman to find immediate support in his appeal for a purchase grant which is realistic. The number of suitable paintings coming into the market dwindles yearly, and the task of the Trustees could soon become impossible. But thanks to the report the nation can no longer plead that the issues have not been laid before it.

* The National Gallery, July 1956-June 1958. 10s.

What They Are Saying

Germany and the Sudan

BERLIN CONTINUED TO FIGURE prominently in commentaries from East and West. In a speech on November 22, the Federal German Minister of Defence, Herr Strauss, said that Mr. Khrushchev had failed in the Middle and Far East and was now 'playing a game of chess' for Berlin. He stressed that the Western Powers should remain in West Berlin until all Germany becomes free. In a broadcast interview on November 18, Herr Brandt, the Mayor of West Berlin, said he believed the purpose of the latest Soviet move was to test Western reactions, as well as to try to stop the flow of refugees from East Germany.

From East Germany, where the election results were said to have yielded 99.87 per cent. in favour of single-list candidates, it was announced that Soviet and East German representatives had reached full agreement, on November 21, on questions concerning the stationing of Soviet forces in Germany. An East German broadcast, quoting a German commentator in Moscow, stated:

No one here wants war, but if Bonn does not at long last change its basic attitude and put an end to the anti-Soviet madness, it will face disaster.

A Moscow broadcast on November 18, quoting *Pravda*, stated that the Soviet Union remained firmly determined to change the occupation status of Berlin. The Western Powers had forfeited not only their legal but also their moral rights in the city. It added:

The statesmen of the Western Powers, who cling to the occupation status in Berlin, are seriously mistaken if they believe that the implementation of the measures planned by the Soviet Government requires some consent on their part. No such consent is required. The Soviet Union will firmly adhere to this line and it will be put into effect.

In a Note to East Germany on November 22, the Czechoslovak Government stated that it fully identified itself with Mr. Khrushchev's proposals for ending the four-power status of Berlin and would support their realization by every means in its power. The Note continued with a long attack against West Germany, which, it said, was preparing for an atomic war with the help of the Western Powers. In a speech on the same day in Lodz, Mr. Gomulka was quoted by Warsaw radio as making a similar attack, and saying that his recent visit to Moscow had served to tighten Poland's alliance with the Soviet Union, which was a guarantee against 'aggression' from West Germany.

From the United States, *The New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as saying that the Soviet Government cannot be assured too solemnly that the free world will not tolerate any infringement of its right and ability to keep West Berlin free. The same point was made by *The New York Times*, which added that, having failed to drive the Western Powers out of Berlin by direct blockade, the Russians were now trying to do so by putting their East German puppets in the foreground. From France, *Le Figaro* was quoted as observing that the Russians have denounced unilaterally agreements to which they had formerly subscribed and, with their usual bad faith, now claim it is the West which began the process.

On the morning of November 17, Cairo radio announced that a *coup d'état* had taken place in Sudan. (A proclamation to this effect was repeatedly broadcast from the Sudanese radio that morning.) Egyptian broadcasts on November 17 quoted Al-Mahdi as saying that all Sudanese political leaders had failed; on November 18 the same statement was repeated, with the alteration that the 'right-wing' leaders had failed. On the same day Cairo radio announced that the new Sudanese régime would be officially recognized by the United Arab Republic. Egyptian broadcasts on November 19 greeted the *coup* as evidence of the Sudan's determination to remove the 'artificial estrangement' between itself and the United Arab Republic. They also claimed that the Sudanese radio had referred to the Sudan's past sufferings from 'The British imperialists'. Commentaries from Israel tended to the view that the Sudanese *coup* had been effected in order to 'consolidate the Sudan's position in face of the danger . . . from Nasser's intrigues'.

Did You Hear That?

A PROGRESS OF PALACES

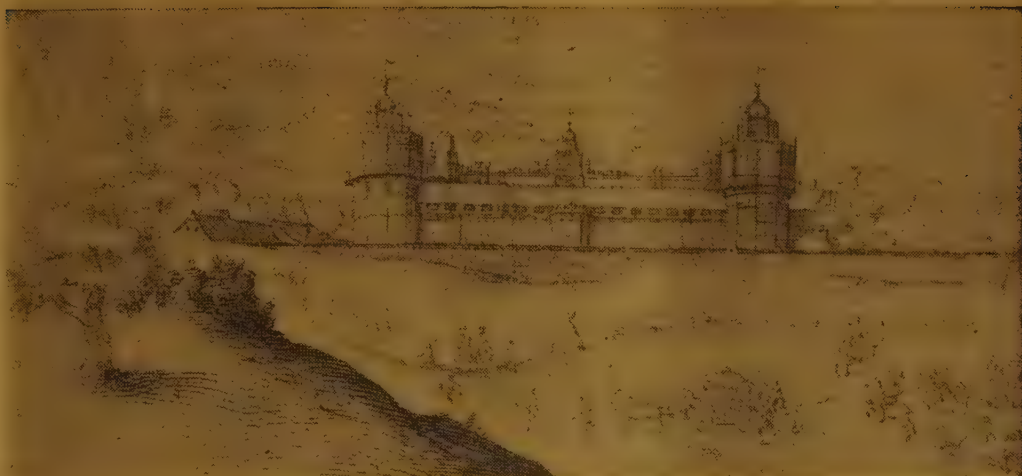
'FEW PEOPLE have appealed more to the popular imagination than Elizabeth I', said IAN DUNLOP in a talk in the Home Service. 'I have a list of some 270 places she is known to have visited—not all of them private houses, not all of them slept in, but the number is considerable, and there may be more. Yet it would be difficult to take you into any room in any building and say "This was Elizabeth's room: that was her bed: there is the furniture she used: those are the tapestries she saw". It is 400 years since Elizabeth came to the throne, and few of these houses have survived. Of Greenwich Palace, where she was born, there remains only a cellar under the Naval Hospital. Of Richmond, where she died, there is half a gatehouse. Of Whitehall there are only the most insignificant fragments; of Nonsuch and Oatlands nothing at all.

'Baron Breuner, who came to try to fix a marriage between Elizabeth and Archduke Charles of Austria, wrote in August from London: "She has not been here since June 21. She moves from one summer residence to another for change of air, it being very unhealthy here at this time of year". These repeated moves were called Progresses. They were colossal undertakings, since the Court always accompanied the Queen. The amount of baggage they took was staggering. Another German, Secretary to the Duke of Stettin, wrote: "When the Queen breaks up her court with the intention of visiting another place, there commonly follow more than 300 carts laden with bag and baggage".

'If any of Elizabeth's palaces could, as it were "come to life" again, the first thing you would be astonished by would be their size. Hampton Court covers nearly eight acres of ground, Richmond sprawled across about ten, Oatlands (a palace built by Henry VIII near Weybridge) over nine. We tend to look on these old houses as picturesque monuments of discomfort and insanitation. But a contemporary account relates that Henry VII had water laid on at Richmond from a conduit which "serves the chambers with water for their hands, and all other offices as they need to resort". Not only was this true of the chief palaces of Elizabeth; it was also true of the larger private houses where she stayed.

'Every summer Elizabeth made a Progress, and competition to entertain her was keen. Burghley had her to stay no fewer than twelve times at Theobalds, his home near Waltham Cross. Only a tiny corner remains today of this, which was perhaps the greatest private house in England. Sometimes Burghley spent £2,000 or £3,000 on a single entertainment of the Queen, and the house grew bigger and bigger in order to accommodate her train. Some of the houses of the aristocracy came to be as large as the royal palaces, and sometimes the owners felt it advisable to give them to the Crown. This is what happened at Hampton Court.

'Richmond had a chapel and hall



Elizabeth I arriving at Nonsuch Palace in a coach: a contemporary drawing by George Hoefnagel in the British Museum

built, as Aubrey tells us, "after the most exquisite way of architecture of that age". They must have rivalled those at King's College and Eton. At Richmond, the chapel and hall were given equal prominence, and stood like stately twins on opposite sides of the inner quad. Behind them a whole courtyard was devoted to the state apartments. All this was of stone, and round it lay the other courts, built of brick and timber, for the lodgings and offices of the Court. Each quadrangle had its gatehouse, and the corners of the buildings were mostly supplied with towers—not for fortification but to house the many spiral staircases, or to provide recesses to the rooms from which one could enjoy the view'.

TIME OFF TO DIG

'Do you think that digging—on an archaeological site, I mean—is a woman's job?' asked SYLVIA MATHESON recently in 'Today'. 'I only ask because many people seemed to be surprised to learn that I was going to join Sir Mortimer Wheeler on a "dig" in Pakistan. "But you're a woman!" they said, as if I did not know. The truth is that archaeological digs in the East usually mean hard work and you do not live in the lap of luxury, so not many women go on these expeditions; but there is no actual ban against them that I know of: only prejudice.

'Last year I went back to Afghanistan to work on a prehistoric "dig" with a French expedition, and had a gang of a dozen or so tough Afghan tribesmen to order about. You can imagine they were not too happy at first at the idea of taking orders from a woman, which, after all, is understandable. So we came to a compromise. They were strict Muslims, who kept their women veiled, and the men wore long-sleeved tunics and ankle-length baggy trousers, so the mere glimpse of a patch of bare arm was quite shocking to them. This meant that although the temperature was about 112 degrees in the shade I could not wear shorts and a sleeveless blouse but I had to cover up in long jeans and "proper" shirts. "That is good, Khanum Sahib", they would say to me. "All week when you work with



The Old Palace at Richmond, which had a chapel and hall 'after the most exquisite way of architecture of that age': detail from a painting (c. 1610-1615) by David Vinckboons

By courtesy of the Syndics of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge

us, you are a boy. On Juma" (that is Friday, the Muslim sabbath and our day of rest) "you can be a woman". They knew I often wore a skirt in the camp on Fridays. So everyone was happy.

'If you are going to work in a remote valley in Afghanistan you have to remember to take every single thing you will need for the whole season: once we moved into our camp we did not leave for three months. This year I expect to live in rather more civilized conditions. Sir Mortimer Wheeler's "dig" is at a place called Charsadda, only about eighteen miles from Peshawar, which is a pleasant city. Charsadda is a prehistoric site near the famous Khyber Pass, for thousands of years one of the most important highways for invaders from central Asia and the West. When Sir John Marshall dug this site about fifty years ago, he found a Graeco-Bactrian fortress on the top, and he was satisfied to leave it at that. But for years Sir Mortimer has thought that a much earlier settlement may be hidden under the fortress—possibly even older than Taxila or Mohenjo-daro—maybe more than 5,000 years old'.

STUBBS'S ANATOMICAL DRAWINGS

'The rediscovery of a number of anatomical drawings by Stubbs', said DAVID SYLVESTER in 'Today', 'sounds as if it might excite students of the history of anatomy and students of eighteenth-century drawings, but hardly as if it were likely to be momentous for those who are not among the experts. So perhaps I should say at once that these are beautiful drawings by any standards, and that anyone who cares at all for drawings should not fail to see them.

'The discovery was made last year in the Free Public Library of Worcester, Massachusetts. The drawings had been there for almost 100 years. It is known who gave them to the library—it was a local citizen, a doctor—but it is not known how they got to America in the first place.

'Stubbs is best known as the greatest, by a long way, of our many painters of horses; indeed the only one of our painters of horses who is among our five or six greatest painters. His books of anatomical engravings are also well known. But almost all his anatomical drawings had disappeared until this find was made. The find consists of more than 100 drawings connected with his last anatomical book, *A Comparative Anatomical Exposition of a Human Body with that of a Tiger and a Common Fowl*, published in 1817, eleven years after his death.

'Stubbs began work on his *Comparative Anatomy* at the age of seventy-one; it was unfinished when he died at eighty-two. It was as well that the old man was physically tough, tough enough to think nothing of walking sixteen miles carrying a portmanteau when he was nearing eighty. In his time, the work of an anatomist was highly arduous. He had to be able to move the carcasses of horses and tigers about, and do all the work of cutting them up. He had to put up with the stink of putrefaction. He had to take the risk of sepsis, and it was indeed a risk: a writer of the time said that he knew five anatomists who had succumbed to a "putrid myasma in the prime of life". And, on top of it all, he had to put up with the intolerance of society towards his activities in finding human and animal corpses to dissect.

'And still, as Mr. Basil Taylor points out in the catalogue, all the stench and the unpleasantness and the labour are refined out of the drawings, which, in Mr. Taylor's words, "seem to have been made miles and days away from the sensations, emotions, and carnage of the dissecting room". The marvellous thing about these drawings is that this purity of statement was achieved without the least sacrifice of truth. I am reminded of a story about Stubbs's contemporary, Allan Ramsay. While one of his children lay dying, he suddenly

wanted to draw the child. He began, and his tears stopped, and, as he said later, he "felt no more concern than if the subject had been an indifferent one". As soon as the drawing was done, his grief overwhelmed him again'.

PORTRAIT OF A PARENT

'To compress my father into a short talk', said MICHAEL HOME in the Midland Home Service, 'is rather like trying to describe Niagara by emptying a bottle of its water. Charles Home, like Dryden's Achitophel, was not a man but an epitome of everything in village life.

'He was, for instance, a working farmer, and the stacks he thatched had a trimness that no one in our district could achieve. He did most sorts of building work and his skill at carpentry was shown in as varied things as a waggon side or an oak coffin. He was a first-class warrener. He prided himself—often wrongly and expensively—on his knowledge of horses, and frequently bought at London sales. He was a leading Oddfellow, a Methodist steward, a parish councillor, and a cricketer; an outspoken Radical who had to pay dear for his beliefs, and more than once a village Hampden. He was a good father and not so good a husband, but he certainly loved and sought the company of his fellow men. If he so wished he could be a jester: then, almost in the same breath there would be about him a fine and natural dignity. In his later years he was a keen reader, with Thomas Hardy his favourite.

'He was short, broad-shouldered, and immensely strong. Once, without knowing its weight, he had carried a twenty-stone sack of meal up to a granary (and he could swing two fifty-six pound weights above his head). His hair and moustache were black, and when he laughed he showed a trim row of white teeth. It is that laugh of his that I remember most clearly. It might be on a winter evening and we children as close to a suddenly dull fire as we could get. He would look up from his newspaper, and the sight of that fire and us so close would be a kind of insult, for he prided himself on his fires. So he would spring up, stir the fire and make it carefully up, and then sit back and watch. In a few minutes our faces would be red and we would have to draw back; and then would come that big laugh of his.

"Ha! I thowt I could shift ye, together".

'What a convincing way he had with him! If by ill chance he could not avoid one of those debt collectors, he would talk the man round in a matter of moments. "Now what do you want to worry about little things like that for?" His laugh would have an enormous confidence. "Your money's all right". Then he would be promising to send him a pair of our heath rabbits and it would be an almost bewildered man to whom he would be giving a hearty goodbye with never a penny paid against the debt.

'As for his inventiveness, I can only mention one small thing, those carpet slippers of his. He had driven tacks through the thick soles of them to help him keep his footing. Every year at our Flower Show there was a married men's race of eighty yards, with a leg of mutton as first prize. My father never even thought it a

race. The other men took off their boots and ran in stockinged feet on the slippery turf, and it was rarely that he had less than ten yards to spare at the tape.

'I cannot say that I ever felt great affection for him. His discipline was too fierce for that. When he spoke you were silent, and if he gave an order, you jumped. There was too much April about him: sun one moment and hailstorms the next.

'He was a man whom none of his children was ever able to forget. He had a kind of gusto of living: an impatience of obstacles, a kind of perpetual surging on. He was proud of his strength, proud of his easy dominance over lesser men, and proud always of us, his children'.



'Human skeleton in crouching position', by George Stubbs: from the exhibition of Stubbs's anatomical drawings now at the Arts Council Galleries

The Individual and the Universe

The New Astronomy

The third of six Reith Lectures by A. C. B. LOVELL, F.R.S.

FOR more than 300 years after Galileo first looked at the sky through a small telescope, man's progress in astronomy was closely associated with the construction of larger and larger telescopes. The primary stimulus came from Herschel in the late eighteenth century. He began to make his own telescopes in 1773 when he was an organist in Bath. In the following ten years he is believed to have made more than 500 telescope mirrors of various sizes. He caused a sensation by discovering the planet Uranus, the first planet discovered since prehistoric times; but his main interest was in the arrangement of the stars in the heavens.

In a paper which he read to the Royal Society in 1785 on the 'Construction of the Heavens', Herschel explained why he found it necessary to build larger telescopes. To the unaided eye the Milky Way appears as a diffuse band of light across the sky. Through a small telescope it is seen to be a collection of stars, but many nebulous patches remain unresolved. Herschel said that as the power of the telescope is increased an observer 'perceives that those objects which had been called nebulae are evidently nothing but clusters of stars. He finds their number increase upon him, and when he resolves one nebula into stars he discovers ten new ones which he cannot resolve'.

In those words Herschel described his own experience and expressed the challenge which still faces astronomers today. The succession of telescopes of ever-increasing size which have since been constructed has continued to reveal more and more distant nebulae of stars. However, it seems likely that we have nearly reached the culmination of this line of development with the 200-inch telescope on Mount Palomar in America which began its programme of work about fifteen years ago. It seems possible that optical telescopes of this order of size may represent the largest that it is worth while building on earth. Even under the excellent atmospheric conditions which exist on Palomar, the unsteadiness of the atmosphere limits the realization of the maximum penetration of this telescope to a few dozen nights during the year.

This telescope can photograph star systems which are so far away that the light has taken over two thousand million years to reach us, but when I discuss the problem of the origin of the universe you will realize that this distance is a most tantalizing limit. The desire to find out what lies beyond is very great: some knowledge of the star systems at twice this distance might well give us the key to unlock the secrets of the evolution of the entire universe. You will therefore understand that those of us who seek this knowledge seize with a particular passion any

prospects of surmounting the hindrances of our earthbound environment. And indeed we have been born in a fortunate and exciting epoch: out of the cataclysm of a world war have emerged two technical developments which are creating a revolution in astronomical observations—radio astronomy and the earth satellite.

When I think of the enormous scientific and technological problems which had to be solved I still stand in awe when I reflect that at this moment at least four objects launched by man are relentlessly circling this earth. They have carried scientific instruments above the dense regions of the earth's atmosphere and are sending back by radio information about the conditions in the environment of the earth which hitherto we have been able to probe only remotely and by inference. The astronomer whose interest lies in the problems of the solar system has already gathered a rich harvest of results about the complex of radiations and particles which exist in space and which are normally absorbed or transformed by processes in the upper regions of the atmosphere. Soon, telescopes will be carried into these regions and man's vision will be freed from the disturbing effects of the atmosphere. Limitless possibilities are now emerging; indeed we seem to be on the verge of another epoch of discovery which may well parallel that of the radio telescope.

In the ordinary course of events our knowledge of the universe comes to us because the sun and the stars emit light. Less than thirty years ago Jansky, an American engineer, discovered almost by accident that radio waves were reaching the earth from outer space. But although his proof that they were coming from regions of space outside the solar system was decisive, he could not find out much more about these radio waves. Radio waves and light waves travel through space with the same speed—186,000 miles a second—but are distinguished by the difference in wavelength. The light which reaches us from the stars has a wavelength measurable in millionths of a centimetre, whereas the wavelength of radio waves is measured in metres. To detect these radio waves we need a special kind of telescope, now commonly known as a radio telescope, which is, in effect, a large version of the common television aerial. The urge to build big radio telescopes is the same as the driving force behind the construction of large optical telescopes, namely the desire to penetrate far into space. Because of the long wavelength of the radio waves the radio telescopes have to be much larger than optical telescopes. Even with the enormous instruments now in operation the radio-astronomer's view of the



The 200-inch Hale telescope on Mount Palomar, California: the largest optical telescope in the world

heavens is ill-defined compared with that given by a small optical telescope. This factor much increases the difficulty of correlating the universe which we study with radio telescopes with the stars and galaxies visible to our eyes.

It is hardly surprising that Jansky and those who followed him were unable to relate their radio signals with the stellar objects perceived by our normal senses, and for a long time the idea existed that these radio waves were coming from the hydrogen gas which fills the space between the stars. For years Jansky's discovery remained almost unknown, and this unexpected gift of nature to man lay disregarded by the world's astronomers. My own introduction to this work was accidental—a casual remark by a colleague during the endless war-time discussions on how to get a few more miles of range out of our radar. Yet within four years I was wanting most desperately the telescope which now towers over the Cheshire plain. The war-time developments in radar had placed in our hands equipment of a sensitivity and excellence far greater than anything previously available. As soon as these new techniques were used to study the radio waves from the sky one realized that Jansky's discovery had opened an entirely new avenue for the exploration of space.

The improved definition and sensitivity of the equipment soon showed that some of the radio emission was concentrated in particular parts of the sky. The idea that the interstellar hydrogen gas emitted the radio waves turned out to be only a small part of the story. The real situation was much more exciting. The concentration of the radio emissions into localized sources does not seem to occur in any regions of the heavens in which there are prominent visible objects. On the other hand, if we turn our radio telescopes towards the bright stars

like Sirius or Capella we cannot record any radio waves from them. Indeed we face a paradox which has sometimes made us reflect on those heavenly bodies of Lucretius 'which glide devoid of light for evermore'. However, we do not now believe that these newly discovered radio sources are dark stars. Our difficulty in relating them to the universe of our ordinary vision arises, we think, partly because the objects which emit radio waves are very faint and generally peculiar, and partly because the radio waves come from distant regions which are beyond the range of the optical telescopes.

Before I discuss this situation further, it would, I think, be helpful if I described the results of our attempts to detect radio emissions from the more common stars and galaxies. To begin with, the sun is a strong radio source—so strong indeed that it sometimes hinders the observations of the more distant signals, in the same way that its light blocks out stars from the ordinary telescopes. One of the earliest of the post-war surprises was the discovery by Appleton and Hey that the sun spots and flares which occasionally appear on the solar surface are associated with large and irregular increases in the solar radio emissions. These solar eruptions are often accompanied by disturbing terrestrial events, such as the appearance of the aurora borealis and the fade-outs in transatlantic radio communications. When the sun is quiet, or undisturbed by spots, then the radio waves from the sun are much less intense. They are generated in the solar corona, that highly tenuous region of the sun extending far outside the photosphere which is the disc of the sun that we see normally. For the radio astronomer the size of the sun depends on the wavelength which he uses to study it. At a radio wavelength of a few centimetres we find that the sun is about the same size as the sun

which we see with our eyes, but as the wavelength we use increases so does the size of the sun as seen by the radio astronomer. At a few metres wavelength its radius is several times greater than the optical radius. If our eyes were sensitive to these radio wavelengths the sun would, indeed, appear to be enormous and probably flattened, not spherical as it now appears. The subjective basis of our knowledge of the sun introduces a nice point for philosophical argument.

Of the planets in our solar system Jupiter at least behaves abnormally as far as the radio astronomer is concerned. About four years ago scientists in Washington obtained some unexpected deflections on the chart connected to their radio telescope. For a long time they thought it was some local interference, but after a few months the same kind of interference began to appear in the middle of the night, and eventually they realized that the signals were coming from the planet Jupiter. These results are surprising since, unlike the sun, Jupiter does not have the kind of hot atmosphere conducive to the generation of radio waves.

In fact it now seems possible that these signals come from the planetary surface, and recent work has indicated that if this is the case only a few places on the surface are responsible. It is interesting to speculate on the events which might generate these signals since the energies involved are enormous. In fact it is difficult to establish a parallel with anything which might happen on earth; one has to think in terms of the energy of ten or more hydrogen bombs, or giant volcanic eruptions like the explosion of Krakatau. We may well have to wait for the close approach of a space-probe to Jupiter before this problem can be settled.

After these remarks about the radio emissions from the sun and Jupiter, you

may be somewhat puzzled by my earlier reference to the difficulty of detecting radio waves from the common visible objects in the universe. The sun is a common star, and one might therefore expect other stars in the Milky Way to emit similar radio waves. Indeed they might well do so, but even the nearest star is more than 200,000 times further from us than the sun. If the sun was at that distance, its radio waves would be fifty thousand million times more difficult to detect, and that presents us with an almost insuperable problem. Actually, if these distant stars also have occasional great outbursts, then the radio waves emitted on these occasions might just be detectable by a large instrument like the telescope at Jodrell Bank. Such a search is in progress, but whatever the result it is clear that any radio emissions of this kind from common stars do not make any significant contribution to the radio waves which are emanating from the regions of the Milky Way.

When we turn our radio telescopes in the direction of the Milky Way we are studying radio waves which have been on their journey for many thousands of years. The Milky Way is an assemblage of ten thousand million stars arranged in the form of a flattened disc across which light would take 100,000 years to travel. As for the radio waves from the Milky Way, the only conclusive statement I would be prepared to make is that they certainly do not originate in these stars. In fact the Milky Way as revealed to the radio telescopes is not such a flattened disc. It is surrounded by a halo, or corona, of radio emission. The existence of this corona was inferred a year or so ago by the Russian astronomer Schlovsky, whose idea was confirmed by the measurements of the radio astronomers in Cambridge; and this summer two of my colleagues using the Jodrell Bank



The solar corona observed at a total eclipse of the sun

By permission of the Astronomer Royal

telescope have found evidence for similar haloes round the distant extragalactic nebulae: that is to say, nebulae outside the Milky Way. We do not yet know how to interpret these discoveries, because there is nothing visible in the optical telescopes outside the main stellar structure of the nebulae. Hoyle and Gold are convinced that the radio waves in these regions are emanating from high-energy particles moving in extensive magnetic fields, and that these same particles are the source of the cosmic radiation. If this linkage can be substantiated a most important step will be made in our understanding of some fundamental astrophysical processes.

When we consider the radio emissions which come from the regions of the Milky Way defined by the assemblage of stars, we find a complicated situation which is not yet fully understood. Two features are of particular interest. Between the stars it has for long been realized that there must exist clouds of hydrogen gas, but this gas is in a neutral state and does not emit light and so cannot be seen with ordinary telescopes. However, the neutral hydrogen atom emits radio waves on a particular wavelength of twenty-one centimetres, and these interstellar hydrogen clouds can be detected and measured with the radio telescopes. The story of the detection of these twenty-one centimetre emissions is an epic of modern science. Under the terrible circumstances of the German occupation, Van de Hulst, a young research student in Holland, made the calculations which led him to predict the existence of these radio waves. He showed that although for any one hydrogen atom the process of emission is only likely to take place in eleven million years, the numbers of atoms in the interstellar clouds are so great that the emission should be detectable. Years of peace were required to develop the right equipment, and then, in 1951, these weak radio waves were detected—an event



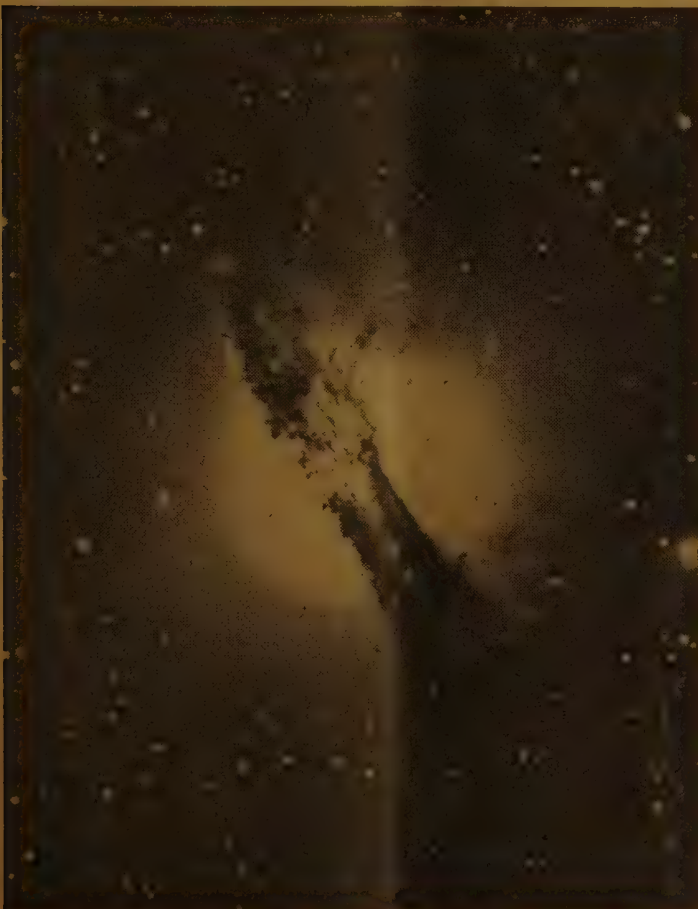
The Crab Nebula, 'gaseous remains of an exploding star or supernova outburst seen by Chinese astronomers 900 years ago'

which represented a triumph of technical skill and a brilliant vindication of Van de Hulst's prediction.

The astronomers in Leiden under their director, Jan Oort, seized on this unparalleled opportunity of piercing the secrets of the structure of the Milky Way. The large optical telescopes are powerless to penetrate the interstellar dust clouds which obscure the structural details of the system—and we are placed in an unprivileged position on the edge of the galactic disc. However, the dust presents little handicap to the passage of the twenty-one centimetre waves, and during the last few years Oort and his staff have produced results of almost unbelievable detail and elegance describing parts of the Milky Way which man will never see.

The second feature of the radio waves which come from within the confines of the Milky Way is that the smooth background of radio emission is punctuated by strong sources which stand out for the radio telescope in the same way that the bright visual stars stand out from the diffuse light of the Milky Way. I have already emphasized that the common bright stars do not emit radio waves—at least, they have not yet been detected—and the solution to the origin of these strong sources of radio waves cannot be found in the common stars. There are a few cases where these radio sources have been identified with unusual objects which can be seen in the optical telescopes. The most spectacular is the Crab Nebula, four thousand light years away. This nebula is the gaseous remains of an exploding star or supernova outburst, seen by Chinese astronomers 900 years ago in A.D. 1054. The millions of tons of hydrogenous material of the star disintegrated in a catastrophic explosion, and at present we see the gaseous shell of the explosion still moving out through space at the rate of seventy million miles a day. This gas is at a high temperature and in a great state of turmoil, and we believe that these conditions are responsible for the radio emission. There are two other well-established cases of supernova outbursts in the galactic system: those observed by Tycho Brahe in 1572 and by Kepler in 1604. The visible remnants of these are difficult to see in the telescopes but both have been identified as radio sources.

The most powerful of the radio sources in the Milky Way lies in the constellation of Cassiopeia, and this was extremely difficult to link up with any visible object. A few years ago, after protracted research, the American astronomers on Palomar succeeded in photographing a strange object coincident with the radio source. It is a diffuse and faintly luminous region of gas covering an area of sky which is much larger than that occupied by a star. The object contains filaments of gas in extremely violent motion. Recently, less intense sources have been associated with similar regions of diffuse gas in Gemini and Auriga. No one yet knows where these stand in the sequence of stellar evolution; they may be



Galaxy NGC 5128, which is associated with an intense radio source in Centaurus; it is believed to represent the collision of two galaxies in a remote part of the universe

Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories

old supernovae or, alternatively, the beginning of the concentrations of gas which ultimately form stars. One thing seems certain, they are so faint and diffuse that they are unlikely to have been recognized as significant stellar objects but for their strong radio emissions.

Complex Origins of Radio Emissions

You will see that the radio emission generated in the Milky Way system has complex origins; the diffuse regions of turbulent gas which give us localized radio sources, of which some at least are supernova; the clouds of neutral hydrogen gas; the corona round the system where no matter can be seen; and probably emission from ionized hydrogen which contributes to the background radiation. But when we inspect our records we find many thousands of radio sources which seem to be distributed uniformly over the sky. Most of these are much weaker than those which I have just described in relation to the Milky Way, and their uniform distribution leads us to believe that they are external and lie at great distances from the local galaxy. The extragalactic star systems, of which there may be a hundred or even a thousand million in the field of view of the large optical telescopes, have an overall uniform distribution in space—at least within the two thousand million light years to which the telescopes penetrate. It would therefore be natural to look for a close association between these nebulae and the radio sources.

When this is done only a limited number of associations can be found. The great spiral nebula in Andromeda, at a distance of two million light years, is one, but until a few months ago not more than a dozen out of all the millions of these normal extragalactic star systems had been related to the radio sources. This is entirely consistent with the strength of the radio waves emitted by the Milky-Way system. If the extragalactic systems radiate in a similar way then, on account of their great distances from us, only a small number would be detectable. The consistency of this picture has recently been firmly established by Hanbury Brown and Hazard using the new Jodrell Bank telescope, with which they have been able to make detailed studies of several dozen of these normal extragalactic nebulae. Amongst all the confusion which still exists we can say that the spiral nebulae in the universe emit radio waves in the same way as our own spiral Milky Way system, but that few of them can be detected with present-day radio telescopes.

We are therefore still left with this problem of the thousands of radio sources which are detected by our radio telescopes, and we now believe that the solution of this puzzle may lie in one of the most remarkable of all the discoveries in radio astronomy. Some years ago Ryle and his colleagues in Cambridge made a very accurate measurement of the position of one of the stronger of these unidentified sources which lies in the constellation of Cygnus. These measurements were sufficiently accurate for the American astronomers to use the 200-inch telescope on Palomar to make an exhaustive search of this region of the sky. They found there a remarkable event in which two great extragalactic nebulae seem to have collided with one another. This collision, which is at a distance of seven hundred million light years, is nearly at the limit of clear definition of the world's biggest optical telescope, and yet the radio waves are relatively strong—so strong that even if the nebulae were ten times further away we could still detect them as a radio source. We do not yet understand why two nebulae in collision like this produce radio waves which are far more intense than those they would produce separately. For our present argument the important fact is that the strength of the radio emission is out of all proportion to the visibility of the nebulae in the optical sense.

Is the Collision likely to be Unique?

The relevance of this event to the problem of our unidentified radio sources depends on the question as to whether this collision of galaxies is unique. If one surveys the space round the Milky Way system then it is very empty—there is not another galaxy of stars closer than a million or so light years, and this is a fairly average distance between galaxies. In this case the chances of collision are negligible. On the other hand, in the great clusters of galaxies which exist far out in space one might find a thousand

galaxies separated by a mere thirty thousand light years. This still gives a separation of a million million million miles between the galaxies, and that, by ordinary standards, is a safe distance. But the galaxies in the clusters are moving about at a speed of more than 2,000 miles a second, and this makes the chance of collision a substantial one.

We believe that the majority of these radio sources which lie outside the Milky Way may be colliding galaxies—a belief which has been strengthened by the discovery of a few more similar associations. We believe also that our failure to identify more of these radio sources with visible events arises because the collisions are taking place at immense distances, beyond the range of the optical telescopes. This view is now being freely discussed, but the precise interpretation of the current results from Cambridge and Sydney, where so much of this work has been done, is hotly disputed. The problem is of the very greatest significance to cosmology, and I must reserve further discussion until we consider the question of the origin of the universe.

American and Russian Interpretations

On the issue of the collisions of galaxies I should perhaps say that I have adopted the interpretation which the American astronomers place on their own photographs. In the case of the two best examples, in Cygnus and Perseus, the photographs show the entwining of two galactic systems. However, Ambartsumian, the distinguished Soviet astronomer, has argued that these are not collisions but cases where the nucleus of a single galaxy has divided to form two separate systems, and that the photographs show the galaxies in process of separation. He believes that the parts of the divided nucleus are receding from one another with a speed of many hundreds of miles a second, and that violent processes continue for tens of millions of years. The radio emission he believes to be a result of these violent processes involving the collision of masses of interstellar matter and the ejection of high-energy particles from the atmospheres of young stars.

Earlier in this talk I referred to the great desire to find out what the universe is like beyond the present two thousand million light year limit of the optical telescopes, and it is natural to inquire if our present-day radio telescopes have yet penetrated to these remote regions of space and time. Unfortunately it is a question to which at present there is no decisive answer. One can, however, say this: if the interpretation of the unidentified radio sources which I have given in this talk is correct, then some recent measurements of the strength and size of a few of those sources which have been made at Jodrell Bank imply that we are dealing with events at distances of many thousands of millions of light years. Indeed we may now be in the process of probing the ultimate depths of space and time.—*Home Service*

Absent Summer

Alone I sit at evening in the sad room
And watch my window darken with the hill
On which we lay one summer afternoon.
Above its dusk, the sky is dying still.

A cloud grinds the glass with rain.
A bird flies; each wing-beat is its last.
The hedges still come close across the lane,
But summer is already in the past.

Wild ponies wander on the hill's long crest
And down the valley where my sleep has fled.
The nightingale has left her thorny nest,
But I watch on until the stars are dead.

The morning star is Venus, the defender
And destroyer of love's famished birds.
I think of life, but find the thought too tender,
And the season too remote to touch with words.

JAMES KIRKUP

Scene from *The Wisteria Trees*, an American adaptation of *The Cherry Orchard*

Van Damm, New York

Impressions of the American Theatre

By MARGARET WEBSTER

ACTING, more than any other art, defies generalization. Yet there are endemic differences between American and English actors. As a hybrid producer, the happy possessor of dual nationality and certainly much dual experience, I feel them acutely. It is my job—or so I think—to make the actor's job easy, to get from him the best of which he is capable. My approach to actors must therefore be not so much critical as clinical. A diagnosis is the first essential. For out of a collection of different individuals, I must eventually, in the service of the play, create an integrated whole.

This is, in general, easier in England than it is in America. Here there is, at least to some extent, a unity of tradition in spite of many variations of expression. It is not a completely admirable tradition. It can be accused of some chronic weaknesses. A certain superficiality of approach and an almost excessive glibness of execution are the hall-marks of its less talented exponents. But the tradition is there. I have found that comparatively inexperienced young actors are able to move easily on a stage, wear costume as if it belonged to them, speak verse 'trippingly on the tongue' (though they are often shockingly lazy with modern dialogue); and they fall into step with one another easily. Also, the great exponents of acting—Sir John Gielgud, Sir Laurence Olivier, Dame Sybil Thorndike, and Dame Edith Evans—can be seen by every young actor. He can watch their work and profit by it; and the advantages

of the example probably outweigh the dangers of imitation.

But in America all this is different. A company of American actors will tend to be completely disparate in temperament, training, attack, technical accomplishment, personal approach to their work and even inborn racial characteristics. They are frighteningly inexperienced. For one thing, the stock companies—'reps', we would call them—and touring productions, which once provided so solid a training-ground, have virtually disappeared under the pressure of modern economics and the competition of movies and television. They have been replaced by scores of non-professional theatre groups and literally hundreds of college Departments of Drama. But to be taught acting as a hypothetical college course is not the same as doing it; and to do it as a non-professional avocation is not the same, either, as devoting your life to it. Only in the flowering of small off-Broadway

groups has the American theatre developed a truly professional training-ground — ironically enough, at the very time when the membership societies and experimental groups which were once so valuable a part of the London theatre have almost ceased to exist.

But the young would-be actors of America only rarely have a chance to see great actors on the stage—in movies and television, yes; but not in the theatre; for there is little live professional theatre outside New York and a handful of the largest cities. In England, touring has also diminished enormously; but almost anyone in England is within a few



The Broadway production of *West-Side Story* (based on *Romeo and Juliet*): the lovers, Tony and Maria, go through an imaginary wedding ceremony in the bridal shop where Maria works

hours' distance of London or Stratford or Edinburgh. It is exceedingly hard for the high-school graduate from Abilene, Texas, or Butte, Montana, to overcome the several thousand miles' distance which separates him from New York. Over the greater part of the immense area of the United States, its citizens have never seen live professional actors—what they call in Vermont 'meat actors'—at all.

It is not, therefore, surprising that American actors should lack training and tradition; and especially that they should lack skill with the one weapon on which the theatre must ultimately rely: the use of words. Voices, language, pitch, breath, phrasing—of these the American actor knows little. He has never been taught that they matter. I would even venture on the generalization that the average young American actor is technically the worst equipped in the world. But in vitality, energy, and heart he has not his superior anywhere. Often, by sheer sincerity and truth of intention, he will drive his way through to a result which the more accomplished players of other countries will not attain. I have never yet met an American company which was not prepared to work its head off.

It is fair to say that young American actors hurl themselves at their work with greater zeal than their English counterparts; perhaps because they think it is difficult—which heaven knows it is; or perhaps because playing on a stage, rather than for cameras and microphones, has become a rarity, a pleasure, and a prize. This zeal lies behind the formation of such groups as the

Actors' Studio, where actors of reputation and experience will enlist from sheer love of working. To this search for experiment and opportunity, the much-too-much-discussed 'Method' is incidental. Its proponents have canalized the existing urge and become the current fashion, the potential of success.

In fact, the foundations of 'The Method' have been the basis of all good acting since 'Roscius was an actor in Rome'; namely, the search for an inner truth and for an expression of it freed from the shackles of personal self-consciousness. The present narrow orthodoxy of the Actors' Studio has little to do with Stanislavsky and even less to do with us. It has its own *mystique*, as uniquely and inimitably American as John Foster Dulles or Mothers' Day. It is intensely subjective. Within the limits of the personal observation and experience of its members, it can be brilliantly successful; outside of them it can be disastrous—largely because it is fashionable to regard technical and physical craft as adventitious and to have no sense whatever of what the French call *métier*.

This particular manifestation is a part of the extremely strong current of national consciousness which is apparent in all the art fields of America today. The impetus can be vigorous and vital; it can also be insular and limiting. One of the dangers of 'The Method' is that it tends to reduce everything to us-ness, if I may so put it. The object of the exercise is not to stretch your heart and mind and imagination to something beyond you, but to bring down your Macbeth or your Hedda Gabler to your own level, and strait-jacket them within the compass of your own experience or observation; and since they are characters of more than common stature, you can hardly avoid belittling them in the process.

For instance, there is supposed to be an 'American way' of playing Shakespeare, which often—not always—means that you

force the play into some sort of tortured analogy with modern society and make the verse sound as commonplace as possible, to give it a likeness to the slipshod speech of every day.

There has not been a production of Shakespeare (or Ibsen or Chekhov or Molière) on Broadway for several years; and I venture the prophecy that there will not be. This is partly because production costs on Broadway preclude anything but 'smash hits', and only once in a generation is Shakespeare a smash hit in the sense that he will fill your theatre for a year at ticket prices of £5 for a pair of stalls. But it is also because the American theatre is afraid of the past. It will still do John Osborne or Anouilh; but Ibsen had to be re-written by Arthur Miller, *The Cherry Orchard* adapted as *The Wisteria Trees* and *Romeo and Juliet* translated into *West-Side Story*. Few Americans have the least idea that the original book of *My Fair Lady* is due to that dull and talkative dramatist from way back, George Bernard Shaw.

Nevertheless, strictures and criticisms apart, I find that I return

to Broadway with a perceptible lift of the spirit. Where else can one find a comparable vitality and challenge? Where else is there that sizzle of excitement and anticipation—even though you know perfectly well that much of the promise is bound to evaporate in talk, and that although anything *might* happen, little of it ever actually does? There will be wonderful examples of physical production—scenery and lighting which superbly illustrate the dramatic imagination in new and



Students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, New York

stimulating forms—for the New York standards of stage design are vastly superior to ours in England.

On the other hand, there will be exasperating and appalling instances of good plays being total failures because a small handful of critics happen not to like them: for the critics in New York are vastly more powerful than the critics in London, and nothing can outlive their disapproval by more than a week. There will be some things to admire and others to loathe; but at least it will not be dull. I am glad to be going briefly—I repeat, briefly—back to Broadway. It is not a life, but it never fails to be an experience.—'Talking of Theatre' (*Network Three*)

Freud in the Nursery

How grandma would have loved this tender sight,
These darlings whom she now will never see,
Their blue eyes shining with angelic light;
Neither, thank God, resembling her or me.

But one small thumb, pink as a sugar mouse,
Is slipped between its owner's bubbling gums;
Then into what should be a blissful house
A monstrous psychiatric shadow comes.

Oh, how we wish we'd never read those books,
Persuasive paper-backs at eighteen pence:
This evil broth has spoilt too many cooks—
O grandmama, O Freud, O innocence!

VERNON SCANNELL



'Sacred and Profane Love', by Titian: in the Galleria Borghese, Rome

The Concealed God

SIR KENNETH CLARK on the renaissance interpretation of pagan myths

WHEN I began to study the history of art, about forty years ago, the only approach to the subject that was considered respectable was what was known as 'the science of connoisseurship': that is to say deducing from internal evidence which artists painted certain pictures. This exercise had the same supremacy in art history as textual emendation had in the field of classical studies, and was equally susceptible to a maladjustment between ends and means. A great scholar could spend his life establishing the text of a worthless author, like Manilius; or establishing the authenticity of works by a fifth-rate painter like Neri di Bicci. In each case it was the method, the ingenuity, and the single-minded devotion of the scholar which counted more than his achievement.

During those years—from about 1890 to 1920—almost no one bothered about the subject of a picture in art history any more than in art itself: I say almost, because one person did—the German scholar Aby Warburg. In about 1897, at the very time that Mr. Berenson was publishing his lists of authentic pictures, Warburg suddenly realized that the strange subjects in renaissance art—the obscure allegories and emblems and symbols—had an important meaning for the painters and the patrons of the time; and, in so far as a work of art is a communication, we are failing as spectators, and still more as critics or historians, if we do not try to find out what the artist had in mind, but shrug off these mysteries as being merely accidental. It was one of those recognitions which seem simple after they have been accepted—rather like Freud's recognition of the importance of dreams. As with Freud it led scholars on to some treacherous ground. And it was such a complete revolution of outlook that it proved irresistible; and now, for the last fifteen or twenty years, the only respectable approach to the history of art has been iconographical. Connoisseurs are like stranded whales, while far out at sea the pupils of Professor Panofsky gambol like dolphins, among the learned mystagogues of antiquity—Proclus, Porphyry, Iamblichus, and the pseudo-Dionysus.

There can be no stronger proof of this change of outlook than Professor Wind's new book, called *Pagan Mysteries in the Renaissance**. Dr. Wind, who was one of Warburg's pupils, is the first Professor of Art History to be appointed to the University of Oxford, and this, I think, is the first book he has published since his appointment. Its title gives a perfectly correct idea of its contents. There are chapters on Orpheus in praise of Blind Love,

Virtue reconciled with Pleasure, Amor as a god of Death, Pan and Proteus, and so forth: rather daunting for the ordinary lover of art who wants to know a little about the history of his subject. But this book is not intended for the ordinary amateur. One of the features of pagan mysteries which was most stressed in the renaissance was that they excluded the vulgar. It was a basic principle of all the writers discussed by Professor Wind that divine things should not be easily accessible. As one who has spent much time trying to effect the reverse process, I find this point of view rather sympathetic. I have often wondered if it would not be better for the National Gallery to be open on only two mornings a week with an admission charge of £1. However, that is by the way; and let me hasten to say that although the authors with whom he deals are wilfully obscure Professor Wind's own exegesis is remarkably clear. He really does his best to find out what every statement and every symbol means, and if sometimes our heads spin that is because some of his symbols spin, showing so many sides in quick succession that even he cannot keep pace with them. A renaissance apologist would no doubt have added that it is only by spinning that they remain upright.

That is a fair specimen of renaissance thought. It takes as emblem or symbol some object, animal, flower, what you will, and draws all kinds of conclusions from its use, construction, and character. The renaissance reached England 100 years late, and it is in the poems of Donne and his successors that English people are made most familiar with the process of thought which flourished in Florence and Rome at the time of Botticelli and Raphael. We have come to think of it as hardly a way of thought at all, but as a pretext for poetic fancy or oratory—belonging to the school of rhetoric rather than that of philosophy. Professor Wind's book—this is one of its greatest merits—must cause us to modify this opinion. In his final chapter he suddenly adopts an apologetic tone, and ends by offering 'an apology for a book devoted to a manifest eccentricity'. But this last-minute repentance must not be taken seriously, because in the rest of the book he convinced me that the renaissance interpretation of pagan myths helps to clarify—or at least to make vivid—some of the deepest human experiences.

We may safely agree with the neo-Platonists that ultimate truths cannot be given precise and accurate statement; or, as they preferred to say, 'the divine ray cannot reach us unless it is

* Faber and Faber, London. £2 10. 0.



A copy (attributed to Rubens) of Michelangelo's 'Leda': in the Gemäldegalerie, Dresden.
Below: Michelangelo's figure of 'Night' in the Medici Chapel, Florence

covered with poetic veils'. The question is, should we try to symbolize such truths by abstract words, which make a show of reason, but soon become cloudy; or by mathematical symbols which are beautifully clear, but somewhat remote from experience; or by visual images, which are vivid and compelling but lead to uncontrollable fantasies? I suppose that abstract words, in spite of all their drawbacks, have got us farthest. No one would pretend that the neo-Platonists of the renaissance produced a body of thought comparable to the German philosophers of the nineteenth century. But then nineteenth-century Germany did not produce a body of art comparable to that of the Italian renaissance; and that is where the mental processes of philosophers like Marsilio Ficino and Pico della Mirandola are of value. By thinking in images they provided painters with subjects which pleased the eye and yet could be interpreted philosophically, gaining thereby a dignity and a density which merely pictorial motives lack.

Imagine an artist being asked to paint the Hegelian trilogy of thesis, antithesis, synthesis: completely impossible. Or tell him to paint a picture of three naked women: almost equally unsatisfactory. But instruct him to paint the Three Graces and his pictorial imagination at once goes to work—or did up to the time that the image-making faculty was lost. One reason for this is formal. At some period fairly late in Hellenistic art, an artist hit on a combination of three naked bodies which was so perfect in its balance of line and movement that it has served sculptors and painters ever since, either as something to imitate or as a point of departure. But another reason is that the image of the Three Graces embodies an idea, and Professor Wind's book begins by describing all the shades of meaning which this idea could communicate from Chrysippus, quoted by Seneca, to Goethe. At first, the three sisters symbolize the circle of charity and gratitude—giving, receiving, returning—but when this triple rhythm applies to the gifts of the gods then the whole ebb and flow of the human spirit may be deduced from their relationship—the overflowing of life from its divine source, its acceptance by man, and the return of the soul enriched to its origins.

To follow this process through Professor Wind's pages is to be alternately blinded and enlightened. As he says: 'In attempting to bridge the disparity between verbal instrument and mystical object Pico made his own language voluntarily sound provocative and evasive, as if to cover the sacred fire by an abundance of dark

and biting smoke'. There are moments when we rub our eyes, as when St. Augustine declares that this shamelessly pagan motive represents a vestige of the Holy Trinity; and by the time that the sisters have changed their names three times one is on the point of abandoning the pursuit. This is the moment to look away from the texts, back to the Three Graces of Botticelli, Raphael, and Correggio.

Dr. Wind occasionally allows himself this indulgence, and always to good purpose. Of the scores of interpretations of Botticelli's *Primavera*, his seems to me the most convincing and the most poetic; and when we come to the Graces in that picture we are rewarded for our earlier labours, for we can see at once that Castitas, in the centre, is being initiated into love by the rhythmic persuasions of Pulchritudo and Voluptas. She takes her point of departure from Pulchritudo and turns towards Voluptas; but she looks past her, towards Mercury, who is indifferently teasing a small cloud with his rod. This transition from Castitas to Voluptas is one of the recurrent themes of the book, and it is characteristic of



two preoccupations of renaissance thought, the reconciliation of opposites and the representation of sensuous rapture with a spiritual connotation.

Dr. Wind examines two splendid and moving examples, Michelangelo's 'Leda' and Titian's 'Sacred and Profane Love'. That Michelangelo used almost the same outline for his Leda as he did for his figure of Night in the Medici chapel was obviously not due to poverty of invention. Everyone knew that he had done so, and his meaning was clear to initiates, if not to the innocent *Condivi*. The figure sunk in the slumber of death and the figure lost in the rapture of physical passion are both released from the ties of material life, and are in a condition from which the soul may re-ascend to God. So the memory of one design enriched the other. In Titian's picture the two figures sit on the fountain of love. The relief which adorns it represents the chastisement of animal desire, and on the left Pulchritudo, in her voluminous white satin dress, keeps her hand with worldly wisdom on her covered casket. But Cupid leans forward and troubles the surface of the water, and we feel that her thoughts are moving towards Voluptas on the right, who is divine in her nakedness, and holds in her hand a flaming lamp of passion and illumination.

It is misleading to compress into two sentences, as I have just done. Professor Wind's elaborate expositions, where every point is supported by a dozen analogies and amplified by a dozen

allusions; but at least these summaries show how familiar masterpieces of the renaissance may gain by allegorical interpretation. And more valuable than the unriddling of any particular subject is the frame of mind in which one is left after turning the last page. 'Do not take the great works of art of the past at their face value'. That is the lesson of the book; as of all serious iconographical studies; and it is a lesson we still need to be taught, for both the aesthetic philosophy of the last fifty years, pure sensation, and our own natural laziness persuade us to resist it. To play at iconology is as easy as to play at connoisseurship: but to sift it with the thoroughness of Dr. Wind requires stupendous learning. In an appendix he gives a list of the texts he has quoted from the authors of antiquity and the renaissance. There are well over a thousand, many of them of the utmost obscurity. I reckon that, not counting Plato and the Bible, I have read about thirty of them.

However, this vast apparatus does raise in my mind two doubts: first of all, could the artists and patrons of the time really have understood all these learned allusions? To this Professor Wind has a convincing answer. Much of what we have to explain and follow to its source was once assumed—was, so to say, part of renaissance conversation. And even our conversation,

which, heaven knows, is rather threadbare, would require learned interpretation if it were to be understood by posterity.

My second doubt is perhaps a criticism of modern iconological method in general. Like connoisseurship, it is an unscientific science, in that the selection of evidence is arbitrary. Following Professor Wind's arguments is rather like watching a conjuring trick. At a certain point we become so fascinated by the patter that we forget to use our eyes, and then the trick is done. I must add that, like all conjurers, he is sometimes carried away by his skill and produces from his hat not only the promised rabbit but the flags of all nations and several bunches of paper flowers as well. He is writing about mysteries; and from the beginning of history mysteries have involved conjuring tricks. That jump from the finite to the infinite, which is necessary if we are to feel the presence of the concealed god, cannot be undertaken with our eyes open. All the same, it is important for a student of art history to keep his eyes open as long as possible, and the god concealed in a work of art is revealed through form and colour much more vividly than through literary symbolism. Of course Professor Wind knows that as well as I do: but some initiates into the new science of iconology forget it.—*Third Programme*

Robert Owen: Socialist Visionary

By MAURICE CRANSTON

AT Newtown in Montgomeryshire a hundred years ago an elderly man—indeed, an old man, for he was eighty-seven—died peacefully in the presence of a somewhat embarrassed local rector. Robert Owen was a personality of world-wide fame: a great pioneer of new ideas for social reform. In fact, such a pioneer, so original a reformer, that no one really knew what to make of him, or how to describe him. The rector at the bedside was uneasy because he could not tell how far Robert Owen could be considered, even by the broadest Church standards, a believer. The rector took the risk, and buried Owen in the parish churchyard, but a discontented group of freethinkers and agnostics appeared, to claim Robert Owen as one of their number. I should not like to say which party was right; Robert Owen stood for what he called 'rational religion', but whether that was more rationalistic or more religious is a matter for conjecture. Besides, he complicated the question in his last years by developing an interest in the occult or 'spirit world'.

It is still difficult to find words to describe Robert Owen. None of the usual ones fits the bill. He is remembered as a founder of socialism, but his socialism was neither that of Marx nor that of the modern Labour Party. He was a philanthropist, but a philanthropist who made philanthropy pay. Above all, he was a political reformer who despaired of politics, who did not, in fact, believe in what is generally known as politics. Owen believed that there could be no real political reform until there had been a substantial moral reform. The only way to make a better England, he thought, was to make better Englishmen. What distressed him about the society round him was that so many people lived base and brutalized lives; drinking and gambling and wasting their existence in vice and corruption and squalor. At the same time, he felt that such lives could not be redeemed while material conditions remained

what they were. Hence the only way to save people was to alter those conditions, to provide decent houses, schools, factories, and so forth.

In thinking this, Robert Owen thought as other socialists have thought; but whereas other socialists have argued that better conditions can only be provided by the state, or perhaps by organizations of the workers themselves, Owen believed that they should be provided by the employers, the industrialists, the capitalists. Owen's socialism was the socialism of the model employer, of the benevolent father-figure in industry. He went about the task of promoting his objectives as a capitalist among capitalists; and he sought support in the most exalted quarters, not excluding the royal family itself. One of his most stalwart supporters was Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent.

But although it was as a rich man selling his own kind of socialism to the rich that Owen made his name, he had been born poor. He was one of a family of thirteen children of a saddler and post-master, and he was born in that same place where he died, Newtown in Wales. As a boy, he was the most pious of the thirteen children, and one of his brothers is alleged to have cuffed him because he said his prayers so diligently and so long at his bedside every night. Little Robert Owen went early to school, and at the age of seven he was already a teacher or monitor, though two years later he had to leave to earn his living as a counter-hand in a draper's shop. When he was ten he went on to another job, this time at Stamford in Lincolnshire, where he worked for a haberdasher named McGuffog. This McGuffog was an excellent employer: he shut his shop at four o'clock in the afternoon, and sat for five hours every evening with his books and his apprentice, reading. In a word, he educated Robert Owen.

The boy remained very pious, even perhaps a shade priggish. Indeed,



Robert Owen as a young man: a water-colour by Mary Ann Knight in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery
By permission of the Trustees for the National Galleries of Scotland

once when he was thirteen, he wrote a letter to the Prime Minister demanding stricter laws to enforce the observation of the Sabbath. When he left Stamford, Owen spent a time working in London, but he soon made his way to the real heart of the cotton trade, to Manchester. Before he was eighteen, he was in business on his own account. He borrowed £100, and set up a little factory with a partner and forty employees. A year or two later he was the managing director of a mill with 1,000 hands. He was making money fast.

But Manchester was a centre not only of cotton but also of vigorous, advanced, progressive intellectual life. It was there that the rather narrow young Calvinist from Wales grew into that remarkable man whose centenary is now commemorated.

New Lanark Mills

At the age of twenty-eight, Owen left Manchester for Scotland to buy what was to become, under his control, one of the most celebrated mills in industrial history: New Lanark. Robert Owen paid the seller, a Mr. Dale, £60,000 for the mills, and, in the best tradition of the virtuous apprentice, he married Mr. Dale's daughter, Caroline, soon after he had completed the deal.

New Lanark mills, when Owen took them over, were a good deal better than most Scottish or English mills in 1799. Even so, the mill hands worked thirteen hours or more a day for six days a week, and wages were barely enough to keep alive on, even if the whole family went to work. The career of the average worker began at the age of seven and went on until he—or she—died. The buildings of the mills were dirty, dark, and insanitary. Children provided a large part of the labour force; 500 of the workers at New Lanark were orphans recruited from various workhouses. The lives of nearly all of them, men, women, and children, were as vicious as they were wretched. Drink was cheap, and sex was cheaper, and these were their only consolations.

In less than fifteen years Robert Owen had revolutionized the mills. He replaced the obsolete machines with more efficient ones. He reduced working hours. He had the houses in the village improved, the streets cleaned; he set up good cheap retail shops and communal kitchens; he organized a pensions scheme and a sick fund. All this produced larger dividends for the owners as well as greater happiness for the workers, since, in their improved material conditions, the workers worked better than they had ever worked before. Not that better dividends was what Owen aimed at. Nor were good material conditions an end in themselves. All was directed to the betterment of his workers' morality. He promoted this objective by firmness as well as by generosity. He closed the public houses and fined the workers for drunkenness. He suppressed the facilities for gambling. He compelled the fathers of illegitimate children to pay for the maintenance of their progeny. He sent inspectors into people's homes to make sure that they were kept clean. Once again, his methods worked. If some of his employees and their families resented his intrusions into their private lives, he was respected, admired, even adored by the great majority of them. The workers became temperate, honest, diligent, and industrious. The model employer had produced the model employee. Again, good business went hand in hand with virtue. Statesmen, princes, peers, and many other distinguished visitors flocked to New Lanark to see how it was done.

Success Due to Personality

Robert Owen expounded the theory to them, and he expounded it in published writings. Many people read him with enthusiasm. But somehow his methods did not work so successfully elsewhere. What Owen himself had not realized was how much the success of New Lanark was due to his own personality, his own genius for leadership. His principles were sound principles, but they needed a man as exceptional and gifted as himself to put them into practice. Even his own partners at New Lanark were a stumbling block. Once, when Owen decided to spend £5,000 on building a school for his workers' children, his original partners abandoned him; and he had to seek fresh capital among Quaker industrialists in England. But he found it, and he built his school.

This school became for a time the central interest of Owen's life. He believed passionately that people's characters were made by experience and not born in them. His school at New Lanark

was a school of moral, not of intellectual, training. He kept children under twelve out of the mills, and put them in the school-room. He had them taught dancing and drill and music until they were ten, and only then were they encouraged to take up book learning—history, arithmetic, geography and so forth, and all these subjects were taught in what Owen contrived to be an 'interesting' and not a dull, academic way. The buildings were handsome ones, and in the evenings they were used for lectures and concerts for adult workers. The place was known by a typically Owenite name: The Institute for the Formation of Character.

Unlike most English reformers of the left, Owen was a staunch champion of conscription, of compulsory military service. He thought that serving in the army was good for a young man's character; or, at any rate, that it could be if the army were properly run. Owen, it is important to remember, was always very much a disciplinarian. The fashionable progressive idea of his time was that people had the right to do as they pleased, that freedom mattered most. Owen maintained that virtue, moral goodness, character, was what mattered most. Freedom, he thought, would be all very well when people had learned how to use it; but in the meantime they had to be made fit to use it. Owen was more like a paternalistic monarch, or 'philosopher king', than he was like a democrat of any sort. Perhaps that was why he made friends so easily among broadminded princes and plutocrats. Unfortunately he antagonized people in other walks of life, including many of his fellow radicals. His Quaker friends were shocked by his militarism; and some by what they considered the frivolity of his education methods—all that dancing and music instead of writing and reading; they expected to see little bent backs, not little bare legs hopping about the schoolrooms.

Antagonizing Middle-class Opinion

Again, Owen antagonized middle-class, respectable opinion by making what were taken as attacks on the sacred institutions of society, for example marriage. In truth, Owen was high-minded in his views of family life; he believed that it would be better and happier if marriage were a dissoluble contract instead of an unbreakable tie. He recommended that divorce should be an accepted institution in precisely the way it has come to be an accepted institution in England now. But in the early nineteenth century, when the morals of the nation were far more deplorable than they are today, Owen was accused of recommending immorality. Even the women were against him, though there was never a more ardent advocate of the equality of women. The fact was that women then simply did not want equality.

Gradually Robert Owen came to make another discovery. The success of his mills at New Lanark had given him altogether too high expectations of the moral reform of the nation at large. The vast mass of people did not want to be better; England was not 'morally ready' for the fulfilment of his ideas. Owen decided to see what might be done in a new country, in America; and he sunk four-fifths of his fortune helping to establish a model community in the State of Indiana. He called it New Harmony; but the harmony lasted no longer than the novelty. The lazy members of the community lived on the efforts of the industrious, and the industrious resented it; everybody began to quarrel; the settlement disintegrated; and Robert Owen lost all the money he invested.

But Owen never lost his faith in the ultimate improvement of society through the regeneration of mankind; and he never ceased to think of new methods for furthering this end. He did a great deal to establish the co-operative movement; Owenite schools and ethical societies—for the promotion of 'rational religion'—were set up in several cities; and as his rich friends deserted him Owen began to pin more hope on the workers' own efforts towards self-help and self-improvement. But perhaps his greatest contribution to the reform of society was that he gave it a *vision*; his techniques sometimes succeeded and sometimes they failed; his institutions rose and fell; but his idea survived—and still survives—and many besides those who think of themselves as socialists are in debt to Robert Owen. He taught his countrymen—and others—that, though it is a difficult task and a thankless task to improve society, it is nevertheless possible to do it. For his monument we have only to look round us, for since the death of Robert Owen 100 years ago the most important things he strove for have, at any rate in Britain, been achieved.—*Home Service*

Is Metaphysics Obsolete?

By PAUL ROUBICZEK

UNTIL the end of the nineteenth century, philosophy was principally concerned with attempts to devise a systematic scheme whereby all existence could be explained; in other words, to create a metaphysical system. There now seems to be general agreement among the philosophers of all schools that these so-called system-builders were wrong and that our knowledge can never be complete enough to allow us to find an all-embracing explanation of man and the universe. In fact, none of the systems—from Platonic idealism to Marxist materialism—can be fully upheld if it is exposed to a thorough philosophical scrutiny. Therefore it appears that metaphysics is obsolete. But although I take the view that an all-inclusive system is impossible, I question whether metaphysics can be dismissed altogether.

Unintentional Metaphysicians?

Metaphysical statements are still being made or implied. However hard one tries, it is difficult to avoid them. Materialists—dialectical or otherwise—try to eliminate metaphysics by claiming that there is no supernatural or transcendental reality. But this is a statement about the nature of the universe and is thus metaphysics. In the same kind of way the philosopher who hopes to make his argument unassailable by avoiding the difficult discussion of, say, the traditional absolute values or the problem of freedom, makes by implication a metaphysical statement, because he gives the impression that he considers these concepts unreal.

One should, therefore, make a distinction between metaphysical systems which are obsolete, and metaphysical thinking which remains indispensable. No doubt, attempts to create metaphysical systems must be abandoned. Moreover, it is unnecessary to insist on a direct approach to the transcendental; but such concepts as freedom and value must be discussed in metaphysical terms. The thinking I have in mind means that we start from those of our experiences which prove to be both essential and undeniable—accepting concepts like freedom as they present themselves as parts of our experience. We may then consider whether or not they point to the presence of a transcendental quality in man or existence, when we look at them not from outside, not as abstract concepts but as parts of our lives. Otherwise, although we may understand the psychological or sociological aspects of such concepts, their meaning in terms of our experience escapes us. In short, the kind of thinking which I have called metaphysical thinking can lead to positive achievements, where both the system-philosophies and logico-linguistic investigations fail.

Body and Mind

Consider briefly two of those age-old problems of traditional metaphysics which touch on the very basis of our lives and still seem to defy solution. First, the connexion between matter and mind, or body and mind. About 300 years ago, Pascal observed that man cannot understand what the body is, still less what the mind is, and least of all the connexion between body and mind. In this he saw our greatest difficulty because, as we are—or experience ourselves to be—body and mind, the mystery of their interconnexion makes it impossible for us to understand ourselves. Since Pascal, we have made many discoveries about the working of the brain and the nervous system, and we have gained considerable knowledge of the physiological processes which accompany thought. Yet it seems doubtful whether the problem of body and mind can ever be solved on these lines. Max Planck, for instance, the originator of the quantum theory, says about this kind of knowledge: 'It is impossible to survey both material and spiritual events from a single point of view. There are always either material or intellectual processes, but never both at the same time. If we want to achieve clear results we must stick to

the point of view from which we started, and as the one excludes the other, the quest for the connexion between mind and matter loses its meaning'.

Many scientists and non-scientists alike believe that further understanding of physical processes in the brain will eventually clarify the relationship between body and mind. But it seems obvious to me that they are mistaken and that Planck is right. Even if we eventually know exactly what happens in the brain when we think—and we are still a long way from doing this—if we know all about the movement of particles, electrical impulses, mechanical transmission of code messages and so on—even then we shall be no nearer to explaining the connexion between body and mind. A physical process which can be measured and expressed in mathematical formulae is so utterly different from an understanding of the meaning of a single word that the two cannot even be compared. The fact that a number of particles move from one place to another, producing perhaps a certain amount of heat, will never help us to know how or what we really think; in fact, not even what the words 'particle' or 'heat' or 'movement' mean.

Two Approaches

Body and mind are naturally two sides of the same thing; if the brain is hurt we lose certain intellectual capabilities. But the point is that we need two different ways of thinking in order to grasp each of them—and each of them *in turn*. We are unable to deal comprehensively with both physical and mental processes at the same time because we cannot think in terms which are simultaneously appropriate and adequate to both; we are obliged to consider either the one aspect of the relationship or the other. On the one hand, to grasp the physical process, we must be as 'objective' as possible; we must exclude our feelings, value-judgments, and inclinations; that is why the scientist aims at mathematical formulae which cannot help being impersonal. On the other hand, to understand what our experiences mean we have to include precisely those elements which the objective approach seeks to eliminate. We must try to understand our feelings and the nature of the standards by which we ought to live, both of which are left in such a state of uncertainty today that we cannot help fearing that the very fabric of our lives is being undermined. Here it is essential not to disregard personal participation, as the scientist must, replacing it by instruments and measurements, but on the contrary to pay the greatest possible attention to persons as persons.

The fact that these two different ways of thinking are needed explains why the philosophers throughout the ages have been unable to solve the problem of matter and mind. The great obstacle was that it was natural—and was thought necessary—to rely on a unitary way of thinking and to try to find an all-embracing answer, be it philosophical or scientific. But metaphysical thinking can help here precisely because it does not postulate a system and is thus able to employ two ways of thinking; it accepts, as I have said, metaphysical problems as they present themselves in our experience and tries to deal with them in terms which they themselves dictate. This is, in fact, the only way in which problems can be adequately dealt with; physicists, for instance, have many mathematical systems at their disposal and choose the one which best suits the problem in hand. In other words, with metaphysical thinking we are in a position to admit contradictions, and this is in keeping with our lives which are full of them. The scientific approach is the best way of investigating matter, but we need not conclude that everything in our experience is best dealt with in this way. We can then agree that mind, seen from outside, appears as a product of biological evolution and yet can ask questions which have a

(continued on page 882)

NEWS DIARY

November 19-25

Wednesday, November 19

The wife of the British Air Attaché in Israel is found shot dead near Syrian border: Israel accuses Syrian raiders of the murder

Britain and the United Arab Republic recognize new régime in the Sudan

Thursday, November 20

Russian Ambassador has meeting with Dr. Adenauer about the Russian proposals for ending the four-power status of Berlin

The Bank Rate is cut by a half per cent. to four per cent.

About 50,000 National Health Service doctors and dentists to receive more pay
Conservatives retain the seat in the East Aberdeenshire by-election

Friday, November 21

Dr. Adenauer, speaking in Munich, says that he made it clear to Mr. Smirnov, the Russian Ambassador, that he considered the continued presence of troops in Berlin 'a guarantee of freedom'

Committee of Inquiry on Smithfield Market publishes its report

Lord Samuel has the Order of Merit conferred on him by the Queen on his fiftieth anniversary as a Privy Councillor

Work starts on the Forth road bridge, the largest suspension bridge in Europe

Saturday, November 22

Eoka offers to call a truce during United Nations debate on Cyprus, due to start next week

Mr. Menzies' Coalition Government wins general election

A delegate conference of the National Union of Teachers rejects Burnham Committee's recent proposal on pay

Sunday, November 23

Voting starts in general election for a new French National Assembly

Delegates of London busmen decide not to co-operate in the Transport Executive's plan to cut some services

President Tito criticizes attitude of Russia and China to Yugoslavia

Monday, November 24

Greek Cypriots go on twenty-four-hour strike called by Eoka on eve of U.N. debate on Cyprus

Results of first ballot in France's general election show heavy losses for the Communists

London Transport Executive announces details of cuts to be made in bus services

Tuesday, November 25

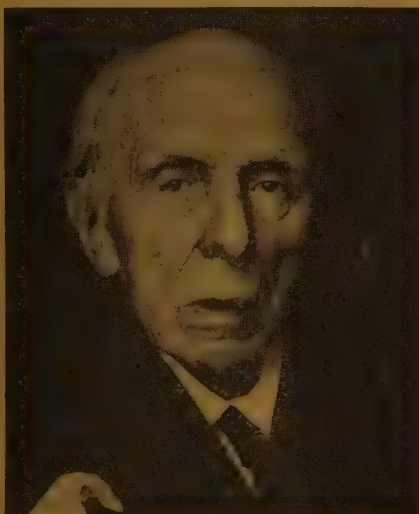
American Vice-President arrives in London
Greek Foreign Minister opens United Nations debate on Cyprus

Severe fall on London stock market

Britain signs new trade agreement with New Zealand



Security forces outside the house in the Kyrenia district of Cyprus where Kyriakos Matsis, a leading Eoka terrorist, was finally tracked down and killed on November 19



Allan Chappelow

Lord Cecil of Chelwood, C.H., one of the earliest advocates and champions of the League of Nations, who died on November 24, aged ninety-four. He was President of the League of Nations Union for twenty-two years, and afterwards Life President of the United Nations Association. He was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1937. As Lord Robert Cecil, he first entered Parliament in 1906. He was a Conservative and a keen Churchman

Right: the Duke of Edinburgh being shown a Bloodhound missile during his visit to the Royal Air Force guided missiles base at North Coates, Lincolnshire, on November 19





Houphouët-Boigny, Prime Minister of Guinea (left), being met by Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana, on his arrival at Accra airport on November 20. After a five-day visit, the two leaders published a joint proclamation announcing their agreement to 'constitute our two states as the nucleus of a union of West African States'



Herr Willy Brandt (centre, standing), the chief burgomaster of West Berlin, addressing the city parliament on November 20. Referring in his speech to Russia's proposal to end the four-Power occupation of the city, Herr Brandt said that Berlin belonged to the free world and 'wouldn't be blown over by a gust of wind'



A photograph of the American memorial chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral which was dedicated yesterday in the presence of the Queen and Mr. Richard Nixon, the American Vice-President



A photograph taken during the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's recent tour of Ethiopia: the scene at the Liberation Monument in Addis Ababa after the Duke had laid a wreath. Last week the Duke and Duchess visited British Somaliland, and, earlier this week, Aden

(continued from page 879)

metaphysical basis; for example: Is this really the whole truth? Can I honestly and truly recognize myself in these physiological or psychological theories which, after all, claim to describe my own experience—or do I feel, as all preceding ages did, that something inexplicable, something mysterious and spiritual breaks into my existence? Is my mind determined only, as it were, from 'below' or also from 'above'?

All these terms are indeed vague, which proves how much they are in need of basic clarification. But once these questions are admitted—and not ignored as so often today—metaphysical thinking can gradually lead to greater knowledge in this sphere. With this conception of the mind we can discuss, for instance, whether morality has an absolute basis, a firm foothold in the human mind, or is simply the result of social and educational influences. Usually, morality is considered as something apart, as belonging to a special branch of philosophy; but this seems highly unsatisfactory. The main moral question is what we ought to do, how we ought to behave towards other people, and morality claims that we ought to behave in a certain way: this moral claim can obviously be justified and compelling only if it corresponds to our humanity, if the moral law is deeply embedded in the human being.

The Insistent Moral Element

The discussion of this 'ought' must not, therefore, as with ethics, be completely separated from metaphysics which tells us what existence is and what we are; the validity of the moral law is basically a metaphysical question. We are confronted with the astonishing fact that every meeting with a person, once it is experienced fully and not merely in a conventional or superficial way, establishes a moral claim, for we really know that our behaviour ought to be inspired by love. There obviously is an insistent moral element in human nature which is only explained away as long as we simply rely on general biological or psychological theories. Moreover, recognition of this moral element presupposes that of freedom—the freedom of choice, of decision, of action—and that brings me to the second metaphysical problem I should like to discuss. It is again taken from the realm of old metaphysics, because this shows best that metaphysics—in the wider sense in which I am using this concept—is not obsolete at all.

Most of the older philosophers have discussed the problem of necessity and freedom, but none of them has succeeded in solving it. Does this mean, as some modern philosophers think, that this discussion is meaningless and should be dropped? I hardly think so, because it is one of those problems which may appear 'purely philosophical' or even abstruse, but which in fact influence our lives directly. Dismissing freedom means dismissing responsibility, morality, love, trust between human beings, because none of these problems can be meaningfully discussed without having first a clear idea of whether freedom exists and what it implies. I wonder how many of those who doubt the existence of freedom are really ready to accept these consequences. Nor will it do simply to refuse to decide whether it exists or not; unless we decide, one of two things will happen: either this essential concept will remain in that dangerous state of vagueness which is widespread today,

or else the avoidance of the question will be understood as a denial of freedom. In either case, our personal behaviour is bound to suffer distortion.

It is true that all our dealings with external reality point in the direction of necessity; we understand the material world best when we are able to rely on certain causes producing certain effects, such as the striking of a match producing a flame. It is also true that in modern science, particularly in physics, causal necessity has been partly replaced by probability, but this has not changed the situation; abstract thought may have become different, but the general tendency must remain the same, for it implies technical application. Even though the understanding of atomic processes is based on the calculus of probability, the aim must still be that the functioning of an atomic reactor, or of a bomb, should be as predictable as that of a match.

If scientific theories or conclusions based on them were accepted as the only way of thinking—that is, given the status of a metaphysical system—human behaviour would necessarily be subject to the same kind of causality or probability, it would have to become explicable or even predictable by certain causes necessarily producing certain effects. Some psychological theories have been based on these lines of thought and thus led—explicitly or implicitly or simply by being misunderstood—to a denial of any freedom of action. Indeed, no scientific theory can ever account for such freedom. We must face the contradiction that our experience tells us something very different; there is no theory which will ever convince me that I cannot lift my arm whenever I please. This is a trivial example, but the case of moral decisions is almost the same. One cannot but suppose that those who accept such theories, and even fervently believe in them, do nevertheless feel responsible for their actions; and responsibility presupposes freedom. How could anyone otherwise be held responsible, or consider himself responsible? Only the free choice of the individual can be subjected to such a judgment. If everybody can do only what he is bound to do, we cannot even condemn murder.

Insuperable Contradiction

The contradiction between necessity and freedom cannot possibly be overcome. But we know, despite all actual influences working upon us and despite all the painful limitations of our freedom, that in the last resort we are able to do what we ought to do: in other words, that the moral demand is unconditional. Psychological theories are valuable in so far as they show us the working of external and internal forces in human beings and thus give us a clearer idea of the true scope of freedom; but nobody and nothing can ever compel me to do what I feel I must not do, if I am willing to face death.

Metaphysical thinking, because it accepts experience as evidence, enables us to accept the contradiction that material reality is grasped with the help of the concept of necessity, but the nature of man by that of freedom. Our understanding of man begins here, with the understanding of freedom; without this concept our idea of man will be deficient or distorted and many of his actions will remain completely mysterious to us. And as man is the only animal influenced by the idea it has of itself—whatever the distinctions between man

and animals may otherwise be—such a lack of understanding or distortion devalues the person. Once we start from freedom, however, we can look at our actual experiences and learn to understand them better. We shall see, for instance, that there are really two forms of freedom which we could call, somewhat paradoxically, freedom of choice and choice of freedom. The more obvious is freedom of choice; but the true freedom remains open to us only so long as we choose correctly. If, for example, we make a wrong type of choice, choose money, prestige, nationalism, that choice will enslave us again, make us dependent on aims which are foreign to us as free agents. We become free, therefore, only when we also choose values which are in agreement with our true nature, for by them we are set free.

This seems to me the best definition of freedom: to act entirely in agreement with our true nature. But what is our true nature? We do not know; but the quest for freedom will help us to answer the question: right choices point towards our true nature, since they will be confirmed by a satisfaction which we experience only when we feel entirely our true selves, and this, in its turn, will teach us to make further right choices. There will be a constant and fruitful interaction, replacing the demand for a final solution of problems.

Those who reject metaphysics altogether will probably say that all these conclusions are not really philosophical, but in fact are based on belief. It is true that belief has a part to play; but I have to ask again: is belief not inherent in all general assertions about existence? Even the scientist who accepts as few presuppositions as possible assumes—explicitly or implicitly—that there is an ordered universe, otherwise his experiment could not lead to conclusions of general validity. This, after all, is a fundamental assumption. Actually it is another advantage of this kind of thinking that we are able to consider the phenomenon of belief without prejudice; as we are not bent upon creating an all-embracing system, we can test whether or not beliefs make sense, and whether metaphysics, freed from its wrong and misleading completeness, points towards those beliefs which form the basis of religion. In my view, metaphysics does lead to religion; and the few examples I have been able to give here do show, I hope, that, if this view were to be confirmed it would not be because of preconceived ideas but because of conclusions arrived at by a fresh and direct investigation of experience.—*Third Programme*

Burning the Stubble

Over the stubble, rearing
Its fierce, heraldic crest
The fire, with red mane hissing
Runs like a living beast.

And in the shadow stands
Jason, with the dragon seeds.
Death loads his fertile hands.
The corn-fleeced pasture bleeds.

Now from the crook of memory
Dark, secret, we watch again
The mounting flames of history
Ebbing to a silt of shame.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

Politics and Pensions



Earlier this year we issued six announcements on "Politics and Pensions", to give the views of a progressive life office on this important issue. Discussing the Labour plan we then suggested that any pension scheme should satisfy three basic aims:

- INDEPENDENCE — people should be encouraged to stand on their own feet.
- SOUND FINANCE — pensions should pay their way.
- PERSONAL SERVICE — policies should be tailored to fit the policyholder.

How does the Government's scheme measure up to these aims?

INDEPENDENCE The White Paper begins by stating: "It is vital . . . to ensure that State action does not undermine the personal responsibility of each of us to make such provision as we can for our own old age," and in so far as the Government's proposals live up to this statement our first principle will be satisfied. If, however, the option to "contract out" is exercised to a greater extent than envisaged, the State will lose the higher immediate contribution which is intended to offset the annual deficit arising from the basic scheme. Some doubts on this score must, therefore, remain.

SOUND FINANCE The urgent need to cover the growing deficit in the National Insurance Fund is a primary object of the Government's proposals. Yet it is essential to distinguish between State benefits subsidised out of taxation and pensions which are earned by paying contributions out of income during working life. In our view, the basic contributions should therefore be described as a Social Security Tax, the term already used in the United States. The Government's aim is to give real meaning to pensions earned as rights. We earnestly hope that this will be achieved.

PERSONAL SERVICE Pensions should suit individual needs and preferences which no standardized scheme can fully satisfy. The Government recognises that needs in retirement vary with income during work. Further, it proposes to make preservation of pension rights a condition for a private scheme to be allowed to contract out. This was advocated by the United Kingdom Provident earlier this year, and preservation is now a feature of our own staff pension scheme.

The Government's proposals are now before Parliament, but whatever their final form, many people will still want to provide more for themselves than any State scheme requires. For personal service, long experience and a progressive outlook, there are no better life or pensions policies than those offered by the

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“Additives, Sir,
are things that are
added to things...”

the boy's a genius

It sounds simple enough. To add special qualities to a motor oil, you just... well... add things to it.

Simple? It was revolutionary! Shell X-100 Motor Oil was welcome news for every motorist. Here was a new *kind* of oil, doing things no oil could do before – and all because of remarkable chemical additives. Additives to fight acid corrosion; major cause of engine wear; additives to keep engines clean and free from clogging

deposits; additives to enable oil to withstand the sterner demands of modern high-compression engines.

Even more remarkable, perhaps, is the latest development – additives which actually affect the way oil behaves in heat and cold. As every schoolboy knows, oil tends normally to thicken in cold and thin out as it gets hot. But with these additives, oil stays free-flowing even in freezing cold and toughly protective in boiling heat. It becomes “Multigrade” – several grades

in one – just right at all engine temperatures. Thanks to Shell X-100 Multigrade, motorists start easily on winter mornings, warm up more quickly and use less petrol in their everyday driving.

Shell has played a leading part in introducing additive motor oils which have contributed to the long life and reliability of today's engines. Here is another example of Shell research at work developing the better products which a changing world demands.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF



Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Astronomy Breaks Free

Sir,—Mr. Koestler's letter, brilliant as it is, still blinks the issue. Suppose Galileo's factual findings had been incontrovertible, suppose the 'controversial working hypotheses' of modern scientists were substantiated, how much justification would there be for throwing overboard a religious faith in man's relation to the universe for a purely physical assessment? It is not by chance that Aristotle's 'perfect' system of circles with the earth at its centre was echoed by Dante's spiritual geography. Modern scientific discovery instructs that man simply has to go on and on, spiritually as physically, into space. Marxism expresses this belief in its own terms.

But is it not still true to say that however far intellectual inquiry takes us away from the earth, its centre is still here with man, that it must be given a shape, and a religious shape at that, whether in a circle or a cross or perhaps some new pattern? And does not this fact justify the Church in rejecting the shapeless objective findings of Galileo which threatened to wipe away a religious design which was scientific in the sense that it was based on relevant human wisdom? And is not this conflict still with us in face of the threats of purely rationalist science and philosophy?—Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.7 HENRY ADLER

Sir,—Surely Mr. Koestler's challenge of Professor Lovell's account of the Copernican revolution is itself a distorted picture. The essential question in the condemnation of Galileo was whether any Catholic could be allowed to believe as a fact that the earth rotated on its own axis and also went round the sun, and that therefore the earth could no longer be considered the centre of the universe. The defects of the mechanism proposed by Copernicus were quite irrelevant to this issue.

Galileo saw very clearly that his telescopic discoveries immediately supported the basic conception of the Copernican system. On the moons of Jupiter he reported, with some caution:

I have observed their proper motions in relation to themselves and to each other, and wherein they differ from all the other motions of the other stars. And these planets move round another very great star, in the same way as Venus and Mercury, and peradventure the other known planets, move around the Sun.

And after observing the phases of Venus, he wrote:

Necessarily Venus and Mercury revolve around the sun; a circumstance which was surmised of the other planets by Pythagoras, Copernicus, Kepler, and their followers, but which could not be proved by ocular demonstration, as it could now in the case of Venus and Mercury. Kepler and the other Copernicans may now be proud to have judged and philosophised correctly....

It is true that Copernicus's book could have been read in 1620, four years after it had been put on the Index, had a corrected edition been

issued. But no such edition was issued, and attempts to have the book, together with Galileo's own work, removed from the Index in 1765 failed. Not till August 16, 1820, was it decreed that the Copernican system might be treated as established, and the book was not formally removed from the Index till 1835.

Certainly the Galileo affair involved a clash of temperaments, coupled with muddle and intrigue, but fundamentally it arose from the attempt of the theologians to limit the expanding field of the astronomers. Milton saw this clearly enough when he visited Florence:

There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican Licencers thought.

Yours, etc.,
Wallington MICHAEL KELLY

Sir,—As an ordinary layman I read with interest the first in Professor Lovell's series of Reith Lectures (THE LISTENER, November 13) and I look forward to reading the remainder. It is a subject which I find extremely interesting but I am surprised to find him reiterating the old legend about Pope Calixtus III, the Turk and Halley's comet.

According to well-informed sources, whose reliability it would be difficult to question, there is no mention of the comet in the Papal bull of June 29, 1456, although it implores heavenly aid against the Turks. The bull is preserved in the Vatican archives. Again it seems that there is no mention of the comet in the authentic *Registri* relating to the pontificate of Calixtus III. These are held at the Vatican Observatory.

A better account of this and of the incident at the battle of Belgrade can be found in an essay by Professor Antonio Romana, Director of the Ebro Observatory, Tortosa, Spain. The essay is the second one of a collection entitled *God, Man and the Universe*, edited by Jacques de Bivort de La Saudée.—Yours, etc.,
Shotts JAMES INNES

Eye Disorders and the Artist

Sir,—You published (THE LISTENER, November 6) my brief account of the ways that eye disorders could be held to affect artists, and the specific cases in which it had been argued that these optical factors might indeed have had some such influence. I limited my ground to theories already current, and almost tumbled over backwards in disclaiming any personal views. But I knew it was no good. Out they came, those expostulatory letters, some in sorrow, some in anger, blaming me personally for saying that all art was photographic realism, and that every departure from this was due to some disease of the eyeballs.

It was just the same after a similar talk I gave at the Institute of Contemporary Arts last spring, when a similar cluster of scathing correspondents declaimed in *The Manchester*

Guardian against 'my' belief in El Greco's astigmatism, for all that I had specifically denied any such belief in my actual lecture.

In the recent talk that you reported I described this astigmatic theory as 'the least convincing of all these theories', and after very briefly stating the various arguments, admitted that 'one is left with a lingering doubt that, whereas nearly all elongations in painting, in however constant an axis they are for the particular artist, are obvious mannerisms, nevertheless such a distortion could conceivably have been organically provoked to begin with, and then stereotyped and exaggerated as a mannerism in the affected artist or as a fashion in his followers. Probably not . . .'. Of course, the evidence is heavily against El Greco being astigmatic—largely for reasons (X-ray evidence that the elongation was largely a later amendment; the elongation of the horizontal hands of Cardinal Tavera, the normal proportions of the lower figure in the view of Toledo, and so on) which none of your correspondents gave. But I like reflecting on old theories, however discountenanced, and I doubt if this one has really had an airing since it echoed through the (largely German) scientific journals half a century ago. Your correspondents seem to think that it is so dangerous a theory that even the listeners to the Third Programme should not be allowed to hear a back-handed word in its favour.

In answer to your correspondents in detail: Mr. Penman described the historical background to El Greco's style, which none of us would surely dispute. I enjoyed reading this, but I wondered why he bothered, in the light of my own expressed disbelief in any purely mechanistic explanation.

Mr. Naylor questioned my knowledge even of the basic physiology of vision, since I had stated that the consciously perceived image in the brain would correspond to the retinal image. It is of course true that the complex psychological machine may modify the ultimate picture in any way, but, broadly speaking, changes of shape in the retinal image will necessarily be reproduced in the occipital lobe of the brain since there is a point-to-point correspondence between them. Restriction of time required me to simplify, but certainly not to 'err'. Mr. Naylor discussed the roots of impressionism pleasantly, and doubtless accurately, but again I fear irrelevantly, since my only suggestion in the face of the evidence to hand was that the inescapable effects of the artist's myopia might well have been a factor in determining his style—obviously not the only one, or indeed the major one, but one that simply cannot be pontifically dismissed.

Mr. Bethers tells me that 'it is generally agreed that painting is not optical'. Yes indeed! But even in my opening paragraph I said that naturalistic paintings had been of secondary concern in most periods and most cultures; and I was at pains to show that even in naturalistic paintings this optical factor could only at the

very most have had some influence on the individual artist's style. I fear that I must have over-abbreviated my explanation of how to the myope the distant world loses its detail and only the essential structural components stand out in the general blur, leaving an essentially geometrical conception; this, it has been argued, could predispose a myopic painter to portray his world geometrically on canvas, and since the latter was well within his limited near-range this portrayal could be as precise as he wished. Mr. Bethers also tells us (rather irrelevantly) of the various sets of complementary colours; but the fact remains that about 4 per cent. of men are red-green colour-blind and their colour-renderings could not fail to be to some extent affected by this.

I agree, of course, with Mr. Pirenne that even a highly astigmatic eye would have only a small degree of elongation of its retinal image. This is yet another of the many pieces of evidence showing that, as we are nearly all agreed, astigmatism was not the primary cause of the elongation; and, as I stated, could at the most be held responsible only for *initiating* a distortion which was thereafter exaggerated as a mannerism.

In Mr. Bennett we at least have someone who seems to accept the astigmatism not only of El Greco but also of Holbein and Cranach, so the old heresy is not quite dead! Herr Ahlström indeed has many similar photographs to those he kindly lent me for reproduction. (I am not quite sure why it is necessary for Mr. Bennett to declare this 'in fairness' to Ahlström.) The technical details of the anamorphic astigmatic lens which his son prepared were naturally omitted from the caption, as they are neither relevant to the discussion nor interesting to the general reader, and there was even less occasion to mention them in the text of the Third Programme talk, which was necessarily unillustrated.

Finally, in answer to Mr. Richard Eurich's detailed complaints:

(a) He states that 'the scientific mind [believes] that the artist tries to reproduce exactly what he sees with his eyes'. Oh dear! Are scientists so looked down on by artists? As I now re-read my talk, every paragraph seems to refute that naïveté.

(b) No! Mr. Eurich is not right in his supposition that the reduced El Greco photograph 'is supposed to correct the artist's vision'. It is simply that Ahlström found, after considerable experiment, how such an anamorphic lens at such an angle consistently seemed to restore near-normal proportions and equilibrium of El Greco's subjects. No one has ever said that the pictures are rendered pleasanter thereby.

(c) The recorded evidence of myopia among certain Impressionists (which Mr. Eurich questioned) is to be found in various ophthalmological archives. These statements were never (so far as I know) disputed in subsequent journals, and I have tried to check this with the authors, and indeed to find other sources, but so far in vain.

(d) Of course short-sighted painters can paint 'clear, hard pictures' either by painting near objects, using photographs, memory, guesses, or imagination, or else by getting a sharp distant-view in spite of the absence of spectacles through half-closing the eyes.

(e) Mr. Eurich stigmatises my 'inaccuracies' in quoting Monet's age as 63 not 83; a more generous critic would have accepted that this was an obvious typist's slip. For my other 'inaccuracy', he quotes the term 'long-lived' in relation to Titian and Rembrandt—who died aged 99 and 63 (the average life-span, even in the time of Rembrandt was less than thirty years). Need he have been so scathing?

(f) I do not personally think that Constable was colour-blind, but I quoted that 'it has been argued that he too was a red-green colour-defective' (a detailed investigation into this was reported at a recent Canadian meeting). But that does not stop Mr. Eurich blandly stating: 'The surgeon remarks that probably Constable was colour-blind', which allows him to deduce that I myself am colour-blind! Is all this worthy of THE LISTENER?

I apologize for replying to all your letters at such length, but I am a little depressed at this emotional reaction at the very mention of these (to me) engaging theories. What is it that makes some spokesmen of the art-world so thin-skinned or so stuffy whenever a scientist in all humility dares to question their mysteries?

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

'EYE SURGEON'

Half-Truths about America?

Sir,—I am truly sorry Mr. Robert K. Taylor of Alabama feels his way of life in general is not getting fair treatment from British writers and critics. But I cannot retract my own views on American television in particular. I, too, have lived and observed broadcasting in both countries, and as a result I have reached the conclusion that British programmes, on the whole, are superior, for the reasons given. On many points, indeed, Mr. Taylor seems to agree with me; so do those American intellectuals who, as he says, are favourably disposed to things British.

But I do not think it is legitimate for Mr. Taylor to conclude that I hold Britain can learn nothing from American television; nor that my comments were 'shrill'. My detailed views on British television—including its borrowings from the United States—are another matter. I often regret that it is not my job to talk about life in my own country as well as other people's. I would not necessarily be more lenient. Again, if I had been talking about a different aspect of American life—for example, the press—Mr. Taylor might have gained a different opinion of me.—Yours, etc.,

Washington, D.C.

GERALD PRIESTLAND

'Romeo and Juliet'

Sir,—It was a great pity that the recent production of *Romeo and Juliet* was marred by blasts (no other description will do) of excerpts from Tchaikovsky's *Fantasia* throughout the action of the play. At best, this is a hackneyed piece of music, and since one of its themes was made into a popular song by some 'composer' a few years ago, it has become almost unbearable. At times the fine voices of June Tobin and Gabriel Woolf were almost swamped by the lovers' theme which accompanied their most poignant love scenes, and it was quite impossible to concentrate on the poetry of their speeches.

Is it supposed that an audience cannot listen to Shakespeare without a popular melody to

help it along, or what other reason can Mr. Val Gielgud give for the unnecessary intrusion of repeated excerpts from the *Fantasia*? Why do producers so often insist on 'background music' when the force or emotion of plays would be so much better without it?—Yours, etc.,

East Malling

NORAH E. MASON

New Ways to Keep Your House Warm

Sir,—I feel very flattered that my recent talk on house warming should have attracted the notice of Mr. J. S. Williams. I am in entire agreement with his remarks concerning restricted throats, but within the time allotted it was quite impossible to elaborate on such a very wide subject. Restricted throats are, of course, essential for efficient open fires, and so are properly designed flues and properly positioned chimneys. Having conceded that point, I would like to take Mr. Williams up on his other remarks, as from my practical experience I cannot entirely agree.

An under-floor air supply does obviate draughts provided that everything else is properly designed, and, that being so, I still affirm that control can be maintained whether windows are open or closed. A certain amount of air movement in the room will still persist, but it should not be noticeable, and if the fire is arranged to give convected heat as well, this movement can be turned to good account. It was not intended to imply that an open under-floor type of fire was *the* most efficient, but of the built-in hearth type in a traditional fire opening, it probably is. As I said, the free-standing stove, whether it be open or closed, is extremely efficient and economical.

It was to be expected that solid fuel enthusiasts would not take kindly to an electrically heated carpet, but in practice such a method gives remarkably good results. If the size of the underlay is too small for your carpet, you can always use two or more.

I may be accused of having a bee in my bonnet concerning central heating with radiators, and I am fully aware of the latest developments which have been made to combat the competition of convected hot air systems. I remain quite convinced, however, that convector systems will increase in popularity, and that once the freshness of their warmth is experienced, their flexibility of operation, their cleanliness, economy and completely automatic control is appreciated, they will be accepted as a 'must' in every home.

Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.3

A. L. GRAY

National Survey of Handwriting

Sir,—In March 1957 many readers of THE LISTENER very kindly assisted me in my National Survey of Handwriting by sending examples of their hands in response to the appeal for specimens published in your correspondence columns.

Many of these readers, however, omitted to send their name and address, and I would be very grateful if you would allow me a little space to bring to their notice publication of the full Survey Report. I shall be pleased to send on receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope an illustrated leaflet telling all about it.

Yours, etc.,

REGINALD PIGGOTT

10 Finlay Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow, E.1

You meet fool,



A7.

parking foolishly, dreamer backing dreamily, bore boring in where no room.

Common occurrence. Roads full of. Born every minute.

You meet pig-headed gate-post. Looks at you. Won't budge. Inch or two.

Can, can't, can, can't . . . can! Slight scrape? Only bumper.

Bless bumpers. By? Wilmot Breeden, who specialise in. Education of rude steel.

Huge presses, bubbling baths, polishing, buffing, cross-examining.

Swaddled in adhesive plaster. Touching, very.

Also door-locks, door-handles, push-buttons, safe, smooth, dependable.

Window-winders. Boot locks and stays. Steering wheels. *Virtually every British car roads today carries some components Wilmot Breeden. Yours too. All's well.*

The Art of Jackson Pollock: 1912-1956

By LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

NOT every modern artist can survive a retrospective exhibition. Often when the work of years is gathered together it contracts into one picture and the artist is suddenly younger than the years he has taken to do the work. The experience we expect of a lifetime has not got into the art. Jackson Pollock's reputation, however, thrives on his retrospective exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, organized by the International Council of the Museum of Modern Art. His different periods are a record of expanding experience as he moves from what he had learned to do to something else, from the mastered to the unmastered. Faced with the changes in his art we realize the truth of Thomas Hess's observation that Pollock was never willing to 'hold some strength in reserve'. All his powers went into everything he did.

The exhibition shows, as Pollock's imitators never have, the range of drip painting. Although there is a premonitory splash or two on some of the early paintings, the first drip paintings date from 1947. Both the works of this year at Whitechapel are turbulent and congested. The paint has been showered down like a saturation bombing raid to produce an expressionistic tangle, recalling the violence of such earlier paintings as 'Male and Female'. The matted paint in 'Full Fathom Five' has studio debris embedded in it and 'Cathedral', a first-rate painting, is certainly crowded and 'ugly' compared with the works that were to follow it.

In 1948 the spilled paint is scattered openly on long horizontal canvases. The skeins of poured black and silver in 'Summertime' range up and down the strip, accompanied by green, blue, and yellow-ochre dashes, flicked on with the brush, and by solid patches of red, yellow, blue. Each different kind of mark is clearly characterized. Sam Hunter has referred in this connexion (though not in his introduction to the catalogue of the present show) to 'a Mondrian scheme of simple primary colors'. Even in denser paintings, such as 'No. 1' (1949) the colours, though closely packed, are clear and solid, with clean white loops of paint springing over and through it. The later paintings 'One' and 'No. 32', respectively seventeen and fifteen feet long, extend this exacting clarity to a mighty scale. The next development of the abstract drip paintings occurs in 'Blue Poles' (1953) in which the splashed paint is again very intricate behind the great blue-black bars that march along the sixteen-foot canvas. Whereas in 1948 order resulted from a sparing and restrained use of the drip technique, order here is imposed, as an abrupt and violent display of will

power to subdue the area of hectic pigment.

The sequence from tangle to a kind of classic poise and thence to a Herculean assertion of order, all on a basis of improvisation, follows a natural curve; but, of course, Pollock's development is not so tidy as that. Between the two

that he found the 'perfect means for creating them. Another reason must have been the desire to see the picture emerge rapidly, for speed was integral to this technique. A lightning use of traditional means could only have been marred by perfunctory and hasty passages.

Whether Pollock was using the brush or pouring, he had an amazing sense of the corporeality of paint and this, as Clement Greenberg has pointed out, effects the space created by the pictures. His medium is usually thick, opaque, and metallic and it follows that illusions of depth, though they occur, are not the whole story. On the other hand, it is impossible for the human eye to look at colours and lines and read them as the flat areas they are. Thus Pollock's space came the only way it could, forwards, rising from the sensual ridges and pools of paint. His pictures appear to advance into our space rather than invite us into theirs. This enveloping space-effect, felt most strongly in front of the big pictures, has made some difference to the optimum point from which large pictures are habitually viewed. Instead of stepping back to see how the whole is contained, it is often aesthetically better to step forward and experience the expansion of the picture in one's visual field. It is relevant to note that since Pollock worked on the floor he could not step back for a long view. (I should add, I suppose, that his paintings *do* look fine from a distance also, just as, to reverse the

position, baroque paintings designed for distant impact are interesting close to.)

One cannot object too strongly to the omission of seventeen of the twenty-nine drawings listed in the catalogue. At the time of writing, half-way through the run of the exhibition, which ends on December 7, only twelve drawings are on view. Since extra walls were erected in the gallery and the show is handsomely displayed, it is hard to understand why provision was not made for *all* the drawings. They often give clear statements of images which are transfigured in the paintings. A series of large drawings made in 1951 are close to the black paintings, suggesting a narrowing of the gap between painting and drawing as separate activities at that time. We need to see every work by Pollock that we can if we are to replace the tragic legend by accurate insights, and these drawings are therefore seriously missed.



'Echo', by Jackson Pollock: from the exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery

last periods intervened the black-and-whites of 1951 in which he poured black paint on to unprimed canvas. These pictures are figurative in various degrees, ranging from Michelangelo-like bodies in 'No. 22' to fragmented anatomies in 'Echo'. The suggestions of human form link with the vague but evocative mythology and sex of the early paintings, while the evenness with which the forms are distributed across the canvas recalls the all-over abstract works, a duality typical of this artist. Some of these black paintings, though not 'Echo' I think, were done on rolls of canvas, one after another, so that a chain of images is set up, as in his sheets of small drawings.

When Pollock stopped using the brush in 1947 (he resumed its use in 1953) he relinquished traditional contact with the work of art by means of a tool pressed on to a surface. His dripped-paint techniques situated him in the space above the canvas tacked to the floor. Not only his abstracts but his paintings of heads and bodies were drawn without directly touching the canvas. I imagine that one reason for adopting this technique was his need for flowing, continuous, interlacing forms, and there is no doubt

Two recent art books are *Vermeer: the Paintings*, by Ludwig Goldscheider (Phaidon, £2 7s. 6d.) and *Flemish Painting, Vol. II, From Bosch to Rubens*, text by Jacques Lassaigue and Robert L. Delevoy (Zwemmer for Skira, £8 8s.)

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Saint-Simon at Versailles. Selected and translated from the Memoirs of Saint-Simon by Lucy Norton. With a Preface by Nancy Mitford.

Hamish Hamilton. 30s.

LOUIS DE ROUVROY, only son of the first Duc de Saint-Simon, was born in 1675, when his father was sixty-nine. From childhood, this rather stunted and belated offshoot of an ancient family was a dedicated being: his task, to be the recorder of his time—no mere annalist, but a portrayer of the whole world he lived in, and of whatever truth might underlie it. The work, a vast morality, was undertaken as a sacred duty. He began when he was nineteen. When he was eighty, he had covered nearly 3,000 large folio pages in minute handwriting—with merely marginal chapter headings and never a visible pause for breath. None of this was written with a view to publication in his lifetime or immediately afterwards. So the considerations which might have warped his work do not operate. He addressed himself directly to a vast and vague audience, to anybody who came after and cared to understand. He was writing for us.

With la Rochefoucauld he is the only duke of unquestionable literary genius, as voluminous and passionately committed as the other is terse and detached. In a way he dwarfs Proust, who owed him so much. Some readers of the whole work—so far as it has been printed—are ready to assert that he ranks with Gibbon, Tolstoy, or Herodotus. In a way, he had advantages over all three. He was writing from immediate knowledge, with no dead matter to sift and revitalize, no old wives' tales to interpret. And he brings his characters before the eye with a conviction which no novelist could emulate. He studies his subjects—or victims—from the flicker in the eyelid to the movement in the bowels.

When Saint-Simon came to Versailles, in 1695, the court was facing its sunset. Something between an ageing Zeus and a Sir Thomas Bertram, Louis XIV—what with living down his past and living up his present—had grown if anything more formidable with the years. The nearest member of his family dreaded an interview, and he could make a hostile stranger speechless with his mere presence. He was a God—and everybody's dupe. How far he chose to be a dupe, for the furtherance of his own comfort and prestige, not even Saint-Simon can tell. Certainly, when he conceded the diminutive duke a place at Versailles, he half-suspected the nonconformist, the enemy behind the assiduously formal courtier. But he had no reason to suppose he had let in the recording angel.

In some ways the period seems impossibly remote, further off than Homer: look at the portraits of the slightly goitrous ladies, the slightly androgynous gentlemen, all puffed into full display and yet inscrutable. But if there was no Goya among the painters, Saint-Simon, in prose, is something of a Rembrandt. He misses none of the squalor or triviality of a world in which the *chaise percée* was the real, semi-confidential throne where all might sit supreme—a world where surfeit and evacuation, intrigue and exhibition were the law. If he gives us the

king, laughing in his private room at his spoiled pet, the Duchesse de Bourgogne who stands giggling while an old nurse fumbles under her skirts, giving her an enema, he does not spare the bread-riots at the gates either.

Far from being merely scabrous or pettifogging, Saint-Simon is a passionate moralist. 'La vanité de ce monde'—the phrase reverberates up and down the corridors of his memory. The refrain of his work—'We are such stuff'—is Shakespearean. But he studied every detail of the mask which life turned towards him. And he gives us himself, with all his bigotry at work, so that we can see round him, make allowances. No writer was more self-made, more completely an original. The wonder is that his strangely unitary treatment—each episode, character, death-bed, as it comes up—should make a convincing whole. But the molecules work into a mass. And even selection from his work has this same impetus. The present choice is given a specific scope and unity. It keeps to the court at Versailles—and gives us about eighty thousand words out of the millions. Readers will want a companion volume—or several. As for the translation, Saint-Simon's prose is a problem. Hideous as a style, fascinating as a dialect, ungrammatical, congested, sparked with malice and loaded with morality, obsolete and instantaneous, it repels at first and ends by giving us the effect of watching his lips move. To try to reproduce it in English would only result in an empty *tour de force*. The translator has taken the only reasonable course of disentangling it into plain, straightforward prose. There has been no attempt to soften, or Bowdlerize.

T. E. Lawrence. By Jean Beraud Villars. Sidgwick and Jackson. 30s.

A French biographer of the still and perhaps eternally enigmatic figure of T. E. Lawrence must be concerned more than others with questions of policy in the Middle East. M. Villars, who knows the area and has written several books on Islam in Africa, concludes his study with the words: 'Everything that has come between England and France during the last half-century has been harmful to the civilization and to the peace of Europe'. Lawrence was harmful, therefore, insofar as he was responsible for 'the exaltation of Arab nationalism and open rivalry with France' in the Levant.

It is arguable, however, whether the Arab nationalism which hindsight may regret might have taken a different course if Lawrence's vision had been fulfilled. What shocks M. Villars is that Lawrence seems to have been obsessed with that vision to the exclusion not only of the French *mission civilisatrice* but even of British interests and of Allied interests as a whole. There remains the fact that the vision, well or ill conceived, was thwarted or incompletely fulfilled. To this biographer the Arabs on whom Lawrence exercised his gifts of leadership were 'primitives', 'barbarians' or 'semi-savages', which throws into even higher relief the personal achievement gained at such reckless cost to nerve and physique.

M. Villars admires the soldier, though less as a strategist than as a guerrilla, a sort of land-pirate of the breed of Drake. He admires the writer also, and has some perceptive observations on the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. He steers an able course among the contrary currents flowing from earlier writers and from Lawrence's own contradictions, though he is perhaps over-anxious to establish connexions at every stage with the British Secret Service. By his use of French sources, such as the narratives of General Brémond and Captain Pisani, he has added something of value to the extensive literature of a subject on which the last word is never likely to be said. Above all, he has written an honest and a humanly sympathetic book. Where he punctures the legend he reveals a man, not an imposture. His book, therefore, leaves a better taste in the mouth than the industrious deflations of Richard Aldington—which are not included in an extensive bibliography.

The Blue and Brown Books

By Ludwig Wittgenstein.

Blackwell. 25s.

The Later Philosophy of Wittgenstein.

By David Pole. Athlone Press. 15s.

Ludwig Wittgenstein: A Memoir

By Norman Malcolm, with Biographical Sketch by G. H. von Wright.

Oxford. 12s. 6d.

These three books, taken together, will provide the reader with the best of possible introductions to Wittgenstein's later philosophy. In the *Blue and Brown Books* he will have two works, dictated by Wittgenstein to his pupils, and circulated widely in typescript, which have shaped a great deal of philosophical thought during the past two decades. Though Wittgenstein looked on them as merely preparatory studies for his *Philosophical Investigations*, and even described the *Brown Book* as 'worth nothing', to an outside judgment they seem in some respects superior to the later work. They breathe the air of the actual discussions in which Wittgenstein performed so memorably, and they develop in detail points only adumbrated in the *Philosophical Investigations*.

In the *Blue Book* Wittgenstein puts forth his now familiar view of the meaning of a word as the way in which it functions in actual speech, and not as some occult shadow which accompanies this functioning, or which anticipates its complexities in the 'queer medium of mind'. He counters the appeal to occult acts of interpretation by imagining such purely overt ways of ensuring a correct use of words as carrying a set of samples about with one, and applying them to objects. There are two unforgettable characterizations of philosophical method on pages 44 and 59. The more important part of the *Brown Book* consists of a detailed study of certain imaginatively simplified 'language games', perhaps Wittgenstein's finest contribution to philosophy, and certainly indispensable to an understanding of the *Philosophical Investigations*. Wittgenstein's attempts to explain how we come by such things as our talk about

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ALLEN & UNWIN

time and times, or our use of a dispositional verb like 'can', without any appeal to pre-existent meanings, are among the most valiant and radical things in philosophy. It could be thought that they do not resolve all the difficult problems of mental reference, or that they do not even always enable one to 'go on' in a coherent manner, that sometimes the best use of these vivid pointers—for they are no more—is to walk resolutely in an opposite direction. All this does not affect their obvious genius and their profound stimulus.

Pole's book is a successful introduction, understanding but not discipular, to the *Philosophical Investigations*. It perhaps jumps a little into *medias res*, and is a trifle over-condensed and under-documented, but its clear, running style and useful accuracy atone for these defects. Pole's own comments are mainly concentrated in Chapter IV, where he criticizes Wittgenstein for forgetting the unity of language in the undue 'monadism' of his separate language games, and for an undue emphasis upon our freedom to develop language as we will, while under-emphasizing the deeply felt 'naturalness' or 'pertinence' of certain developments. These criticisms are, on the whole, just, though Pole credits Wittgenstein with a more rigid view of language games than he actually held. The treatment of Wittgenstein is followed by an interesting epilogue on John Wisdom.

In Malcolm's *Memoir*, with von Wright's biographical sketch, one has the necessary pendant to these books on Wittgenstein's philosophy. One here meets the remarkable personality which, as much as any doctrine, explains Wittgenstein's immense, almost excessive, influence. In his presence one felt that one walked with truth, whereas what one really walked with was a single-minded devotion to truth and an almost mystic sense of possessing it. The *Memoir* dwells on the strange tortures with which Wittgenstein afflicted himself and his friends, as well as on the whimsical, sunny charm of some of his discourse. If he was in some deep sense a solipsist, he certainly warmed the shades that passed through his 'logical space'. Beginning from 1938, the *Memoir* only fails to bring out the fact of his great personal beauty: the wreck of this remained in later life, but its full degree is scarcely to be remembered without awe.

Afternoon of an Author

By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Introduction by Arthur Mizener.

The Bodley Head Scott Fitzgerald: Volume One. Introduction by J. B. Priestley. Both Bodley Head. 16s. and 20s. respectively.

'Introducing' Scott Fitzgerald seems a minor industry. The reviewer's household now contains no fewer than five selected Scott Fitzgeralds, each introduced by a different person, each of whom appears to assume that the reader will hardly have heard of this obscure author, and has therefore made a careful selection and prefixed it with a foreword explaining how Fitzgerald lived in the 'thirties and got awfully drunk and was in love with the rich and so on. Needless to say there is considerable overlapping and duplication: the prefaces are, in effect, scarcely distinguishable; and *The Great Gatsby* has been picked, for various reasons, by four out of the five.

The fifth is Mr. Mizener, whose collection is certainly the more valuable of the two under notice, consisting as it does of previously uncollected material—fourteen short stories and six essays—which is, for the most part, strongly autobiographical. Many of these pieces are in fact direct self-reportage and bear titles such as 'How to Live on \$36,000 a Year', 'How to Waste Material', 'Author's House' and the title-story of the volume. They were written for the *Saturday Evening Post* and similar periodicals, and bear the marks of it, both advantageous and disadvantageous. That is to say that they are immensely readable but (with certain notable exceptions) a little hollow—the exceptions are indeed remarkable and one is led to wonder whether any of the periodicals has ever published anything remotely as good either before or since. Mr. Mizener is enthusiastic and knowledgeable but he has sadly overcredited his collection; one really does draw the line at a separate introduction to each story telling one in advance what the story is going to be.

Mr. Priestley's *Bodley Head Scott Fitzgerald* is evidently aimed at the non-initiate, the sort of reader (does he exist?) whose mouth is deemed to be hanging open in anticipation of the insertion of Mr. Priestley's long spoon. 'This volume [he writes], which is meant to have at least one successor, perhaps two, I have planned with some care'. Naturally enough, in these circumstances, it contains no surprises, either of commission or omission. Initiates will however enjoy the bland passage in which the editor explains how Fitzgerald was 'not of course a mature and reasonable integrated person'.

Could publishers please now put away the baby-spoons and pap and give us, at last, a complete and definitive *Collected Fitzgerald*, without introduction, notes or the breathing of an editor's name, in which we can be free to read what we like how we like, and decide for ourselves whether we like it or not?

A Study of Blackbirds. By D. W. Snow. Allen and Unwin. 21s.

'The ousel cock, so black of hue with orange-tawny bill' is an ornament to every garden of the suburbs and even to many in the heart of towns; it must be one of our most numerous birds and is certainly one of the most familiar. Readers of this book will be surprised to find how little was really known about its life and ways until Dr. Snow began watching and studying blackbirds 'mainly because they were common and conspicuous in the Oxford Botanic Garden, on which I looked down from my window at the Edward Grey Institute'.

Birds can be recognized individually if rings of different colours or combinations of colour are put on their legs, and by using this technique of 'colour-ringing' the author was able to record the histories of some forty birds of each sex in detail, and to learn much on a more modest scale about a considerable further number. The population of the Botanic Garden was his main study, but he supplements it with observations on birds in the close neighbourhood, and also in a wood outside Oxford.

The Botanic Garden is a particularly favourable habitat for blackbirds: the mortality is below, and the 'breeding success' is above, the average for the country as a whole. The population of the Garden was overproducing during the four years it was under observation, and

competition for territory was consequently strong, for the young birds do not disperse far from the place of their birth before settling down in a restricted area for the rest of their lives. In general only about sixty per cent. of adult blackbirds survive from one year to the next, and only about one in a hundred can expect to reach the age of ten, though in the shelter of captivity they may attain twice that span. It is surprisingly not the rigour of winter that is the usual cause of death, but the strain of the breeding season when the 'birds are more vulnerable, not only to predation, but to hazards of all sorts, because of their preoccupation with nesting duties'.

Dr. Snow deals with every aspect of the blackbird's life and fills his book with fascinating facts gathered with the simplest of techniques and much patient observation. He discusses his results in the light of recent research on the behaviour of animals without in any way making it heavy going.

Elizabethan Literature. By Helen Morris. Oxford. 7s. 6d.

J. M. Robertson's *Elizabethan Literature* in the Home University Library has long outlived its usefulness. In the half-century or so since it was written the Elizabethan writers, minor as well as major, have been subjected to intensive scrutiny by critics, biographers and bibliographers on both sides of the Atlantic, and changes have taken place in the critical approach to almost every branch of Elizabethan literature.

Mrs. Morris's book, which replaces Robertson's, takes into account all the recent work on the period. The introductory chapter provides an excellent survey of the Elizabethan way of life and of the intellectual assumptions which underlie the literature of the age, and which must be understood if that literature is to be fully understood. It was an age of contrasts and contradictions. Luxury rubbed shoulders with squalor, exquisite sensibility with brutal coarseness. Queen Elizabeth had 2,000 dresses, but it is doubtful whether she washed much, and her 'black teeth contrasted with her pearls'. The same people who enjoyed madrigals and Shakespeare's plays flocked to the public branding and disembowelling of criminals. The author of a scurrilous lampoon might be a bishop. The foundations of modern science had been laid, but writers clung to the old medieval notions of elements and humours, planetary influences, 'the great chain of being', and a geocentric universe. Mrs. Morris deals with all this material clearly and succinctly.

Turning to the literature, she devotes individual chapters to Spenser, Sidney, and Shakespeare, but otherwise she groups the writings of the period according to their nature. This enables her to trace the development of the various forms and genres—drama, pastoral, the sonnet, the invective or didactic pamphlet, and the rest; at the same time she is free to expatiate on works of special interest, such as the *Mirror for Magistrates*, *Tamburlaine*, or the *Apology for Poetry*. She is direct and practical in her approach; for instance, she cuts through the controversies about the personages involved in various sonnet-sequences with the salutary warning that we must not 'assume that the emotion is a direct transcript of immediate personal experience, nor that the "I" of the poem is the poet himself'. In her chapter on Shakespeare she emphasizes the qualities of the

plays as stage-material, reminding us that 'the mere reader is bound to miss moments of pure "theatre" and to find ambiguities which can be resolved only by the player'.

Not surprisingly in a book which covers so much ground in 200 pages, there are omissions, and a few dubious judgments. In view of the interest aroused by the recent discovery of a

collection of his poems, as well as for his interest as a poet, Sir Arthur Gorges should have been included. For all its imperfections *The Shepherdes Calender* is historically very important and demands fuller treatment than Mrs. Morris allows it; and Home University readers might appreciate more help with the moral allegory of *The Faerie Queene* than she

gives. And it is surely a complete misunderstanding of Phillip Stubbes's *Anatomy of Abuses* (and of the Elizabethan reader) that makes her dismiss it curtly as a work which owed its great popularity merely to its prurience. But these are small blemishes in a book which is generally so well balanced, and so freshly and vigorously written.

New Novels

The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot. By Angus Wilson. Secker and Warburg. 18s.

A Painter of Our Time. By John Berger. Secker and Warburg. 18s.

The Cross of Baron Samedi. By Richard Dohrman. Hamish Hamilton. 18s.

MR. ANGUS WILSON is a writer whom one always looks forward to reading, and perhaps it is unnecessary to remind anyone of the great gifts he has shown both in his novels and in his short stories, and equally in his admirable little book on Zola. In the past, however, one has sometimes had the impression that Mr. Wilson, the novelist, has had difficulty in coming to terms with Mr. Wilson, the short-story writer. Characters that verged on caricature threatened to swell into grotesques when displayed on a large canvas; scenes that were brilliant in miniature were hard to fit into a novel without upsetting its proportions; malice, which is an affair of the moment, was hard to reconcile with sustained sympathy. Perhaps these difficulties were all the greater because the patterns of Mr. Wilson's novels were highly-organized and complex, and revealed the deep seriousness of purpose that underlies all his wit and his gifts of mimicry and parody; Mr. Wilson was as much, perhaps more, concerned to criticize as to amuse.

One felt, however, that these difficulties were transitional ones and were a part of Mr. Wilson's growth and development as a writer; and the intelligence which shows in all his writings seemed a guarantee that one day they would be resolved. What is one to say then about *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot*? There is no sign of difficulties here, but that is because the very gifts which created them seem also to be absent; what we have instead is an uninspired competence from which life and vivacity seem to be missing. It must be admitted that those who have previously admired Mr. Wilson's books, in spite of their defects, because of his own particular and very individual gifts, may quite possibly find *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot* unreadable. On the other hand it seems equally possible that Mr. Wilson will discover a new and much larger audience among those, and they are millions, who do not look in a novel for social criticism that is too sharp, or wit that is too destructive, and would be frightened by the evil eye which Mr. Wilson has cast upon middle-class England in the past; above all, he might attract those who in fiction look for a hero or a heroine who is sufficiently like themselves to be found sympathetic and sufficiently unlike to have a charm they may feel that they lack.

The Mrs. Eliot, to whose middle age Mr. Wilson has devoted his novel, combines the attractions of a *belle laide*, an amateur of china, an efficient social worker, and a well-heeled lady of leisure; she also deeply loves and is loved by her husband, a rich and successful barrister with an unfortunate passion for gambling. But he is

shot in a political incident while they are travelling together to Singapore, and she is left in what are called reduced circumstances when it is discovered that his gambling debts have for long outrun his means. In this situation, Mrs. Eliot suffers from a deep feeling of guilt and inadequacy towards her husband; in her genteel poverty her rich friends disappear and she quarrels with her poor ones; what had previously seemed virtues turn out to be vices. She has a nervous breakdown and attempts to build a new life around her brother; but she learns from him that we must bear our loneliness alone and recovers from depression to face life anew with the benefits of the lessons which her disconcerting experiences have taught her.

Mrs. Eliot's story is told at inordinate length and takes us through a variety of social scenes, in London, the East Indies, a secretarial college, a nursery garden, which are described by Mr. Wilson with sharpness and insight and that feeling for social overtones and undertones which never deserts him and is worthy of a better cause. We never really know what Mr. Wilson intends by his story and have the fatal feeling that this is either because he does not know himself or, if he does, does not believe in it. Most of all, Mrs. Eliot herself, despite or perhaps because of the thoroughness with which her feelings are analyzed, investigated, and displayed never for one moment stirs our imagination, and that is, one feels, because she has never stirred Mr. Wilson's. It is as if Mr. Wilson had set out with the firm intention of exploring a woman's life, in all its implications, like a prospector surveying a gold field, and had found not precious metal but sand.

Despite one's disappointment one is aware all the time in reading *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot* that Mr. Wilson is one of the best equipped novelists writing in English; it is simply, one imagines, that he has chosen his subject wrong-headedly and his subject has betrayed him. One has no such feeling about Mr. John Berger's *A Painter of Our Time*. Mr. Berger has few if any of the gifts of the novelist, and it is from its subject entirely that his novel derives its merits. How much fairer it would have been, one thinks, if Mr. Wilson had been given his hero, Janos Lavin, and Mr. Berger had been given Mrs. Eliot.

It would appear, at first, that Mr. Berger's novel is interesting because his hero is a painter, and since Mr. Berger, who is a distinguished art critic, has a deep knowledge of painting, we therefore have an exceptional opportunity of getting to know something about what it is like to be a painter and what the problems of paint-

ing are like to those who have to solve them. And certainly *A Painter of Our Time* does have this special interest and anyone who is interested in painting and in painters should read it. But it has a further interest, which comes from the fact that Mr. Berger introduces us not merely to a painter but to a man at work, and Mr. Berger understands the work he is at. No one else in the novel is of any interest except Janos Lavin, and Mr. Berger's attempts to give reality to any part of his life outside his painting are perfunctory and mechanical. We do not for a moment believe in his dreadful friends, the Hancocks, or his wife Diana, or in the anonymous 'I' who provides a commentary to the story, but Janos Lavin has a queer vitality simply because we see him primarily at his daily work. His work is to him the absorbing part of his life and we are made to understand what that work is about. It would not matter if instead of being a painter he had been a scientist or an engineer or a bank manager; so long as we see men at work and their work is their primary interest, as it is for the greater part of the world, then they have a natural link with life and society which feeds and sustains them and gives them a life less shadowy than most of the characters we encounter in present day fiction.

It should be added that Janos Lavin is a Communist, but his Communism is of a particularly opaque kind; strangely enough this makes it the easier for us to accept it, but Mr. Berger does not succeed in convincing us that it has anything to do with his painting, even though we are given to believe that it has.

The Cross of Baron Samedi is a first novel by an American writer. It is long, perhaps too long, and suffers from a tendency, which appears to be common among young American writers today, never to make a simple statement where a more obscure one will do. Nevertheless, Mr. Dohrman's picture of life in Haiti and of an extraordinary society composed of a sophisticated native upper class, simple and primitive American Marine officers, their hardly more primitive native troops and the even more primitive inhabitants of the hinterland is completely convincing. Across this strange community lies the shadow of Voodoo, and its hideous chief, Baron Samedi, on his wooden cross hung with his black frock coat, black hat, and dark glasses. Mr. Dohrman, without exaggeration or straining after effect, makes us feel the power of evil which emanates from so gross a religion. His story of a young Marine officer who is not strong enough to resist the forces of corruption which surround him is told with remarkable power and intelligence.

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Armchair Views

SOME OF THESE television discussions have a curiously remote air. There are times when the mere sight of one of those familiar troubled faces mentioning Cyprus, the colour bar, or the Middle East is enough to transport one into a world where Cyprus, the colour bar, and the Middle East are all equally unreal. This is not always the producers' or planners' fault. Experts and commentators, hurriedly summoned from ministries and newspaper offices to deal with each fresh crisis, can hardly be expected to provide solutions or even explanations: they can only guess, theorise, and compare.

But sometimes a topic which could and should be made real is treated academically. Take the discussion on strikes in 'Meeting Point' on November 16, for instance. It was intelligent, well-intentioned, and good-mannered. Yet it was not about strikes in the sense in which Lawrence's brief story 'Strike Pay' can be said to be about strikes. Only Canon Wickham, director of the Sheffield Industrial Mission, seemed to have any first-hand experience or emotional understanding of the problems involved.

The first ominous note was struck right at the beginning, when Robert Kee turned to John Anderson and said 'Now, you've written a lot about strikes'. Now Mr. Anderson can say he has talked a lot about them, too. Canon Demant's authority and sympathy were welcome—he defended the moral right to strike—but surely the Regius Chair of Moral and Pastoral Theology at Oxford is a long way from that tense crowd of anxious faces against which the opening credits were screened; and even the industrial desk of a newspaper is not all that much nearer.

As Canon Wickham pointed out, strikes are triggered off by actual concrete situations; there may be grievances other than the immediate and advertised ones. At one point someone actually said that discussion on industrial matters tends to take place on a level

too remote for the men concerned. This seemed to be what was wrong with this programme. Robert Kee kept remembering it was Sunday and asking everyone for the Christian attitude, as though it were something under a glass case. But the Christian attitude can surely be found among union leaders, or ordinary workers, or employers whose men have struck. None of these were represented. The London bus strike was mentioned. Did it not occur to anyone to have a busman on the programme?

The following evening 'Tonight' offered a tantalizingly brief film-report on a Glasgow religious mission which doles out free breakfasts and sermons to the needy on cold Sunday mornings. In the age of the Welfare State we were back in the world of Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London*. John Morgan's final question was: 'Isn't 250 people needing free breakfasts rather a lot?' This seems to be just the sort of question a series like 'Meeting Point' ought to take up and develop. 'Tonight' followed up Mr. Morgan's report by interviewing Dr. Jennings, a clergyman who has himself gone 'on the road' to dedicate his life to the down-and-outs. They should have him on 'Meeting Point'; they should also have a representative of the free-breakfasters Mr. Morgan talked to: there was one man in particular whom I could have listened to for much longer. Then if they wanted to throw in a professor of sociology as well there would be no objection.

Another religious question—whether, if the choice must be faced, a mother's life should be saved or her child's—was aired in last week's 'Panorama'. George Scott interviewed gynaecologists and mothers of new-born babies. Not all of the mothers accepted the advertised rulings of their Church. Some Catholic women thought the mother's life should be put first; some non-Catholics put the baby first. It was emphasized that in practice this choice rarely arises. The whole issue has been dramatized, as a result of religious pronouncements. Not only is child-birth safer than ever before; but, as one specialist pointed out, a mother and her baby are a single biological unit which cannot be, and by doctors is not, treated as divisible. This was sensible and reassuring, and seemed to be the main justification for reviving this particular controversy in a secular 'family' programme



'Atlantic Station' on November 18: Captain A. W. Ford on board the Atlantic weather ship 'Weather Reporter'

doubtless watched by many expectant mothers.

'Atlantic Station' was an interesting short documentary about the ocean weather ships, whose crews endure tedium and hardship so that the chart of tomorrow's weather may appear daily on our screens, and, more important, so that transatlantic pilots may know what they are in for. It had some good camera work and a crisp first-hand commentary from Captain Ford, who commands one of these ships. We saw him setting off from Greenock one snowy January for his 'station', which consists of hundreds of square miles of nothing in the far north Atlantic; there to take six-hourly meteorological readings in weather far worse than anything he will be forecasting for these islands.

K. W. GRANSDEN

DRAMA

'Television Playwright'

THE 'TELEVISION PLAYWRIGHT' of Sunday night was Iain MacCormick, one of the writers for the screen who can be relied on to justify that title. He gets things moving, but not moving for mere motion's sake; he can work with urgency and brevity and he can find pertinent and up-to-date subjects on which to work. The Russian woman who married a British or American Serviceman during the war and has since been held in Russia appears occasionally in the news. In 'The Uninvited' Mr. MacCormick makes his central character one of this kind. She is Mrs. Nina Carter and she has her Fleet Street day.

To find Sergeant Carter of the U.S. Air Force was obviously a good story for the *Daily Sun* when the Russian Nina, after a decade in a labour camp, at last got her passport and arrived in London to look for the man she had not ceased to love. It was even a better story when it was learned by the *Sun* that Carter, having heard nothing of Nina for years, had got his divorce and was happily remarried and a father. But the men and women of the newspaper, though hard driven by the tough editor of a brassy popular daily, were not without their decency. They did their best to ease Nina's



'Look' on November 20: the Australian mallee hen on the nesting mound in which she incubates her eggs

agony; Mr. MacCormick wound up a likely story with a seemingly inevitable ending. He can tell a tale and Alan Bromly can make a good viewing of a good narrative.

There was a superb presentation by Katherine Kath of the Russian woman's bewilderment in London and of her subsequent acceptance of disastrous facts. Her face was a moving mirror of feelings vocally muted; Bill Nagy gave natural utterance to the first embarrassed and later agonized Sergeant; and Fleet Street was excellently represented in its various moods and functions by Bernard Lee, Patricia Marmont, and Aubrey Woods. In the performance all went smoothly and nothing too long.

On Saturday evening we had Emlyn Williams's 'Trespass', a rewritten version of his play produced at the Globe Theatre in 1947. Mr. Williams, assisted by Donald Wilson, had evidently resolved at all costs not to let his piece be static, and when journeys were made we were amply reminded of the railway service. 'Trespass' here means invasion of the world beyond death, and the journey is arranged in this case by a woman who is an unscrupulous séance-faker and sees a chance to screw a hundred guineas out of a wealthy widow. She manages to hire a young Welshman to act as a medium who will put the widow in spiritual contact with her late husband. If the man were just a fraud, like his employer, there might not be much of a story. But Mr. Williams gives his Welshman genuine supernatural powers that can be tested, while they cannot be explained, and what the man reveals is ugly.

There is a fine dramatic situation in this confusion of the squalid dishonesty of the woman and the integrity of the man, bewildered by his own powers and led by his poverty and urgent family needs into a situation of which he is soon ashamed. More solid dramatic effect might have been gained if the author had not been eagerly pursuing a television technique and bent on keeping the action mobile and dispersed. The conclusion was confused and rather puzzling. But there had been a most ambitious production by David J. Thomas in the Welsh studio. Mary Ellis as the gullible widow and Maureen Pryor as the guinea-hunting contriver of the séance were admirable. Mr. Williams originally played the young medium, but he preferred not to do so again. It might have been better if he had. However, John Stratton made a good enough drive at the man's sense of strange power and of contaminating guilt.

When the Gtiff studio has a play widely transmitted, which is not every week, one would expect a careful choice of the material. There was a good performance in T. R. McKay's 'Murder in Mind' (November 20) but a more unlikely story would have been hard to find. Charlie and Mary Paden, living in a hell of mutual dislike, keep a bleak guest house near Culloden; there is no peace, no licence, no servant, and, at the time, no guests. Then there arrives a man who has just murdered his wife in Wylwyn and cleared off with a young girl he has entranced. There is soon no secret about the murder or about the police being on his track. So either he has to be caught, killed, or to kill himself. Before one of these three occurs all four characters have lofty discussions on the nature of love, unlikely at any time and more unlikely still with murder admitted and the law at hand. Nor could I be persuaded that, as a result, an affectionate peace would be restored to the Padens. The story was improbable and the conversation unbelievable, but the acting was extremely creditable; amid such situations and

with such dialogue, Guy Rolfe, Nora Laidlaw, Emrys Jones, and Eira Heath fought inevitably a losing battle at Culloden, but the defeat was no fault of theirs.

The transmission from the Garrick Theatre of a section of the revue 'Living for Pleasure' (November 18) probably made viewers sufficiently eager to see the show on the spot, which was presumably one object of the exercise. They will also, I am sure, find it better on the spot, for playhouse methods are apt to miss their target on the screen. However, Dora Bryan dithered in good form into the telephones of a travel agency and dithered in even better form when



Scene from 'The Uninvited' on November 23, with Patricia Marmont (left) as Paula Fleming, Katherine Kath as Nina, and Bernard Lee as Edward Blunt



John Stratton as Bryn Thomas and Mary Ellis as Helen Sumner in 'Trespass' on November 22

counting the change with indifferent arithmetic on both sides of a grocer's counter. Daniel Massey and George Rose did well as her competent aids.

In such a busy week one can only mention the pleasant quality of 'Our Mutual Friend' (November 21), of which series I hope to see and say more in the future.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Hurdling Verse

MR. VAL GIELGUD's stately production of 'Romeo and Juliet' revealed once again the frustrations which face any radio producer who is asked to render one of Shakespeare's plays before the microphone. The text is sacrosanct and immovably intended for another medium; interpretations of it are bound in the public mind to traditions which are foreign to broadcasting. Though Mr. Gielgud is one of the few producers who is able to bend traditions in presentation, the task he faced in his production of 'Romeo and Juliet' was too great. He attempted in his use of Mr. John Hollingsworth's arrangements of Tchaikovsky's 'Fantasia' yet one more of his essays in sound opera. The attempt failed because the traditional stage manner in Shakespearean production is so strong

that it stifles new approaches even on the part of excellent and intelligent actors.

In the theatre new approaches may be desirable too, but they are not as compellingly necessary as they are in sound broadcasting where the audience cannot be gulled by costumes or histrionics. Too many of the actors in this production seemed to have forgotten that the listener pays much more attention to what is being thought than to what is being said. Though many of them normally give excellent thinking performances of roles by other and later authors, they took the theatrical Shakespearean bit between their teeth and sounded at times as if they were enjoying a verse-speaking hurdle race. This hurdling was magnificent in its way and nobody could say that the play was marred by poor diction or delivery.

But the performance of at least one member of the cast, who had remembered that the audience was deprived of vision, showed up the meaninglessness in this stagey virtuosity. One could hear Miss June Tobin's Juliet thinking. Juliet here was bold with innocence, a cool renaissance angel looking with a child's hard eye on her fate. The irony of her dilemma was made real and the creation of her reality contrasted sharply with the stage images created by those who seemed to be performing in a theatre in front of an eavesdropping microphone. The contrast suggested that Shakespeare should either be performed neat for scholars or, remembering that his best was 'all in telling old things new', be adapted and slowed down for those listeners who care more for drama than for the text.

Contemporary Juliets may also have their bold innocence but circumstances dictate a more squalid fate. Brenda Fawcett in Mr. C. E. Webber's 'Be Good, Sweet Maid' is a delinquent because her parents are separated. Her father (Mr. Noel Johnson) runs a factory and has a liaison with his secretary (Miss Marion Jennings). Brenda seeks him out when she is on probation and he gives her a job. He hopes that she will be reconciled to him and that he and his secretary will then be able to set up house together. But Brenda, who yearns for a parental reunion, is put wise by the vice-like Harry Hicks (Geoffrey Taylor) who sprouts proverbs and a Macchiavellian insincerity.

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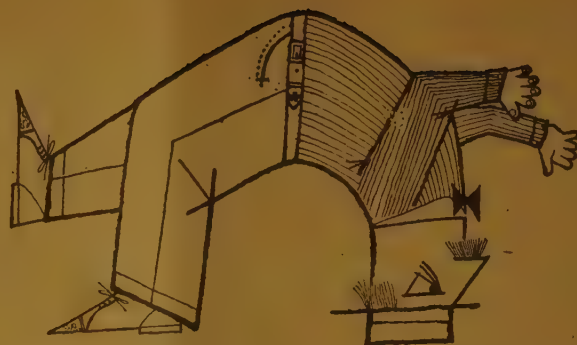
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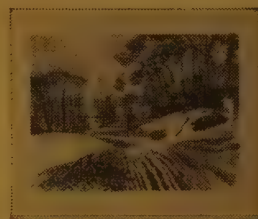
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Brenda was more than one of those case-book delinquents and Miss Sonia Fraser succeeded in breathing thoroughly credible life into her. At the end there was a clever scene in which grammar school boys comment with wonder upon the fact that Brenda is going to get married. They remark that nothing has happened to them, and Mr. Webber makes the point that the young delinquent is at least taking part in life even though the part may not be the desirably straight one that it ought to be.

If Mr. Webber's grammar schoolboys lacked the life force, Mr. Giles Cooper's boys in 'Unman, Wittering, and Zigo' had it to a nightmarish degree. John Ebony (Peter Howell) faces the horrors of Lower 5b who tell him that they have killed their previous form master by pushing him over a cliff. He battles with them while his young wife becomes more and more unsympathetic. He seeks solace from a Shell-shocked art master (John Sharp) and backing for authority from the headmaster (Anthony Vickers). But nobody will listen or believe. In his quest for control over his form which black-mails him into acting as their bookie's runner, he finally realizes in an allegoric pattern that indifference and an abdication of his powers is the only way to break the boys and to achieve control. Mr. Cooper managed to slip the theme of indifference and its potential into this play without breaking its back.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Commemorations

THIS HAS BEEN a week, predominantly, of anniversary and inquest—with Lord Montgomery's well-conducted postscript to his newly published *Memoirs* as the expected high-light. This (on Thursday evening, Home Service) was necessarily rather a specialist discussion, with Brigadier E. T. Williams, the Field-Marshal's former chief of intelligence, and Charles Collingwood, an American war correspondent, providing the well-placed questions. Strategy and humanity, if not mutually exclusive, are not the most compatible of qualities, and here strategy presided. We were high up over the field of action, stretched out like an air view from which retrospect had possibly cleared a few of the clouds which no doubt prevailed at the time.

One recognized something akin to the champion chess-player's urge to go over the game again, explicating the motives of moves in which instinct must have played a part in the first place. The Field-Marshal's voice, remarkably young, had the drumming quality of one accustomed to ramming home a point; and the whole discussion, once past the preliminaries, had the spontaneity that comes from long deliberation. To my mind, its nature and purpose were somehow clinched by the sudden entry of that legendary and much-to-be-expected name, Clausewitz: an Olympian authority, one feels, who to a certain degree divorces the military move from the terrestrial and human weather in which it has to occur. But theory—and memory—have to simplify and abstract. And in this case, as in others, we can leave it to History, the great theorist, to sort out the elements of wisdom after the event, before contributing her own.

And so to another strategist—a lifelong performer—of a very different calibre: Elizabeth the Great. Does any other ruler of the past remain so dazzlingly alive, and incalculable? Neither wisdom, statesmanship, nor any other single quality seems to put the stamp on her. Like every genius, she was rather more than she knew, and as a person she was something less than her inspiration. She was the informing spirit of a great age, whereas a Louis XIV, a Queen Victoria—great egocentrics both—were simply the rather extravagant fruits of theirs. From the moment of her accession she put a tingle, a continuing exhilaration into the air which we can still feel in *Tamburlaine*, *Henry V*, or the early lyrics of Donne.

The chief virtue of Terence Tiller's 'Portrait' was that it began by giving an immediate sense of this electrical wakening, this strange new jubilation and fear which the formidably frail queen inspired in all her subjects. For the rest, it would be easy to quarrel with choice of detail, where there is so much to choose from. I would only complain that the material could have been more closely packed, and that the treatment—for a personal portrait—proved to be on the ceremonial side, an effect rather emphasized by Elizabeth Poston's otherwise admirable musical contribution. In proportion to the bits from the Queen's speeches and letters there were perhaps not enough of her private conversational quips, which give us the breath of her life.

But if some high-lights were missing, the shadows were not spared, including the last hollow, if glittering, years when the Virgin Queen who could not be a matriarch became a husk of herself—haunted no doubt by that signature to Mary Stuart's death-warrant, the one great emergency she could neither evade nor overcome. On the whole, the great figure emerged as a monument of irony in a present-day context. She knew how to give the vital organism of a civilization the animating spark which no amount of planning, control or calculation seems able to discover. Like her age, she left inheritors but no real heir.

One other anniversary item of the week—a programme about the Rye lifeboat disaster of November 15, 1928, an episode of stubborn and fatal heroism—proved disappointing, even on its small scale. Participants were given the one-by-one, interview treatment which will do for a topical subject, but not for a more distant perspective. The effect was monotonous and chilling.

I have room only to mention that Margaret Kennedy gave an authoritative talk on that lively centaur, the new historical novel, and that we were cheated of what must have been a lively debate about moon-landings by an accident to the recording. Lunar influence? Finally, the second of Professor Lovell's Reith Lectures left us with the open chance of other planetary existences, scattered here and there through the Milky Way. Surely a consoling thought?

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

Esoteric

BARTOK'S THIRD STRING QUARTET is the most difficult of apprehension of all the six he composed. Not that its form is difficult. That is, indeed, conventional enough. A large movement in ternary form with a coda based on the central section, it has precedents in Beethoven. It is the content with which the form is filled, and the treatment of that content, that creates the difficulty for the listener. For one thing, Bartók was at this stage making experiments in texture and sonority, finding out what new things could be achieved within the medium of the string quartet. Not all of these new effects really come off; they are apt to sound uncouth, as they do

not in the later Quartets when he had attained complete mastery and knew how to use them and when to refrain.

A greater obstacle to comprehension lies in the extreme tenseness and violence of his utterance alternating with passages of extreme tenderness and sensitivity. It may be that the uncouthness I have mentioned was not accidental, but deliberate. Bartók was at the extreme of the 'Expressionist' phase of his career, the phase that produced also the First Piano Concerto, for praising which in a recent article I received several pages of abuse from a correspondent who hated every bar of it! Expressionism implies an uncompromisingly violent utterance, coupled too often with a self-pitying sensibility understandable enough in the central Europe of the twenties where the movement originated. But Bartók had too much integrity as an artist to wallow in his own feelings. Hence the extraordinary strength and deeply moving quality of his music, in which he was able to express emotion objectively.

It is well worth while to get to grips with even his most enigmatic works, of which this Quartet is perhaps the most elusive, and we must be grateful for the opportunity of hearing it twice within the space of a week. The Hungarian String Quartet gave it a splendid performance, strong and uncompromising, at the Tuesday Concert in the Home Service on November 11, and the Juilliard played it in the Third on Sunday of last week. If I say the American Quartet's was the finer of the two, I mean precisely that. It was wonderful playing, but it did, perhaps, refine the music a little too much, depriving it of some of its brute strength. But they also made its structure extremely clear, helped perhaps by the previous hearing, so that one could follow the relevance of the compressed recapitulation of the first part where Bartók covers the ground originally occupied by over 120 bars in little more than half that number.

There is a revival of Holst's music in progress. Last Saturday, and again on Sunday afternoon, there were performances of his choral masterpiece, *The Hymn of Jesus*, and a fortnight earlier the *Choral Fantasia* was revived by Stanford Robinson. The *Fantasia*, one of Holst's last works, has never had much success, perhaps because this setting of verses from Robert Bridges's *Ode to Music* represents an excessive refining of the mood in which *The Hymn of Jesus* was created. The visionary quality has evaporated in the process.

Of the quality of the *Hymn* there can be no doubt, even when it is given a performance as matter of fact as that of last Saturday. Rudolf Schwarz, who conducted it, did not evoke any feeling of ecstasy from the singers. Indeed, I felt the conductor failed to get the 'hang' of this music which is in its different way as esoteric as anything of Bartók's. The *Hymn* was preceded by a capable performance of Racine Fricker's Viola Concerto with Herbert Downes as soloist and a perfunctory one of Beethoven's Second Symphony.

Opera was represented by the enterprise of the City Music Society who produced Petracchi's little piece about the bird-man who jumped off the Eiffel Tower and Dibdin's *The Recruiting Serjeant*. *Death in the Air* has a good book, at once satirical and curiously moving, but Petracchi makes little of it musically, being content to provide an adequate accompaniment to the action instead of presenting it through the music. Dibdin was sung with a heartiness that did not conceal the essential triviality of his entertainment under the capable direction of Norman del Mar.

Among celebrations of the accession of Elizabeth I in 1558 was an excellent programme of music selected by Denis Stevens.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Music on B.B.C. Television

By PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

JAMES AGATE used to be fond of a story about a French drama critic who attended a performance of Goethe's play *Egmont* and returned home to note in his diary: '*Musique de Beethoven: pourquoi si peu?*' This sentiment I loudly echo. I also hark back to the late lamented Dr. Joad: 'It depends what you mean by *music*'. I mean what is known as serious music, rather as some writings are known as non-fiction, though why the Muse which numbers Rossini and smiling Schubert among her sons should be thought of as serious while the rutting-groans of crooners are held to be 'light' I simply fail to understand.

But, let us admit—as far as this page is concerned, the music is *peu*, even if not pooh-pooh. Everything is grist to my mill. I sit out cookery classes and 'quick ways with diapers' merely to catch a glimpse of, say, Mr. Julian Bream. I would sit out much, I hasten to add. He is a most taking artist. He merely played, did not speak; which was perhaps best, though I would have welcomed a word or two.

What he demonstrated, however, was something priceless; it is hard to find the exact word, but I think 'devotion' describes it: devotion to the art of guitar playing and a reminder to those of us who have mastered the stopping of the tonic, dominant, and subdominant in F major (and F major only), that the guitar is a beautiful instrument, difficult but capable of yielding great things. Perhaps some of the watching 'kiddies'—for it was during their sacred hour that this befell—gained a new idea of an instrument which otherwise they had always thought of as something like the suffragette's cigarette, a mere badge of emancipation; the idea that the guitar was something delicate whose strings you pressed (not plucked) may have come as a revelation, like suddenly realizing that your voice may actually carry further if you do *not* shout; or that the guitar need not be merely a prop for young Mr. X's yowling diaphragm. I could have done with a lot more of Mr. Bream, an artist not too big to appear well framed, and alive there, through the glass, Alice-fashion.

In contrast, consider the Claudio Arrau recital, excellently handled by Arthur Langford. Yet here, it seems to me, was an artist simply too big for the occasion. I yield to none in my admiration for this pianist, whose first London notice I had the honour to write long before the war (a 'rave' in case you think I am

always wrong). He is in his element swimming strongly in the deeper, swifter passages of a Brahms concerto, hurling up handfuls of spray. But his Chopin, as it reached me in a firelit room, was not Chopin at the strength I was pre-



Julian Bream in Children's Television Monday Magazine programme, 'Focus', on November 17

pared to swallow. The Beethoven sonata (*Les adieux*) was wonderfully vital, but again one had the feeling of something crammed into a frame too small for it—apoplectic. For such *klavier-tiger* types, the cage can be too small!

On the other hand, I cannot imagine anyone failing to get something from watching the conductor Rudolf Kempe at work in the Sunday symphony concert. Here indeed was a lesson in the art; and perhaps once more a revelation of

the difference between a real conductor and a stick-wagging jackanapes whose exhibitionism deceives none of the players he is supposed to control but is thought 'great art' by the gullible onlooker.

Opera, as I predicted, has not yet recovered from the outpouring on *A Tale of Two Cities*. But Mr. Eric Robinson obliged with a potted first half of *Pagliacci* in 'Music for You' and managed to get it across, thanks to much temperament in the singers. It was sung quite rightly in English—'There's Tony the clown with his big corporation' and all the rest of it. But while this flatters us, it bothers the singers. Geraint Evans and Charles Craig got away with the prologue and 'On with the Motley' but Elizabeth Rust as Nedda and John Lawrenson as Silvio, though game, were obliged to sing 'Forget the pah-st' on the words '*tutto scordiam*' of the original, which forces them to accent the first syllable, a thing no one does however much in love.

The great occasion was the televised *Giselle*, and this was a feather in the cap of Margaret Dale, doubly worth mentioning inasmuch as the male lead had been imported from Moscow, Ulanova's partner; and when Miss Dale had to handle Ulanova in person in *Swan Lake*, with a maximum watching audience, circumstances had defeated good intentions. This, on the other hand, was a pure triumph. To take two tiny instances: the entry of the village girls—how, on a television screen, do you get a real flow of movement across the stage? Miss Dale seemed to be using the whole building, including the corridors! But 'flow' there most certainly was. Again, the moments of preparation preceding *Giselle*'s solo variation in Act I: with what cunning had these been planned! It was a highly distinguished company: Nerina as the heroine, simple and assured; Fadeychev, big fellow but light of foot, talked to himself in his mime; the legendary Sokolova as a mighty distinguished-looking version of *Giselle*'s mother, and Bjorn Larsen the wicked Hilarion—together with Peter Wright and Margaret Hill (Head Wili). This left a beautiful luminous memory and it honoured a producer who, unlike so many ballet producers, never once showed us the wrong thing at the wrong moment.



Nadia Nerina as *Giselle* and Nicolai Fadeychev as Prince Albrecht in *Giselle* on November 23. Fadeychev is Ulanova's partner at the Bolshoi Theatre and travelled from Moscow for this television performance

The Poetical Works of John Keats, edited by H. W. Garrod (Oxford, £3 10s.) is now in its second edition.

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Bridge Forum

Answers to Listeners' Bridge Problems

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

Every Saturday, on Network Three, a panel of bridge experts answers questions sent in by listeners. Harold Franklin and Terence Reese deal here with some questions better suited to a written answer.

Question 1

(from Mr. C. Rodrigue, Eaton Mews South, S.W.1)

At love all the bidding goes as follows:

| SOUTH | WEST | NORTH | EAST |
|-------|------|-------|------|
| 1S | No | 2D | No |
| ? | | | |

South holds:

♠ Q 9 8 6 4 ♥ — ♦ J 10 7 3 ♣ A K Q 2

What should he bid now? Some of my friends think that Three Diamonds is enough. Most say Four Diamonds. I vote for Three Clubs, because I think the hand too good for Four Diamonds. Am I mad?

Answer by Terence Reese

Since you ask, quite mad. It is a poor One Spade opening at the best of times and you must not attach undue weight to your void in Hearts. Furthermore, the opponents have not bid and your partner probably has a fair hand. Three Diamonds is ample.

Question 2

(from R. E. Phillips, Henleaze Park Drive, Bristol)

At love all partner deals and opens One Diamond. What should you respond, holding

♠ 5 4 ♥ 10 9 6 5 2 ♦ — ♣ K J 8 6 4 3

Secondly, suppose that you respond One Heart and partner rebids Two No Trumps: what should you say to that?

Answer by Harold Franklin

Although normally I am ready to pass when holding such small strength in high cards, here there is a good chance of improving the contract. I would not consider bidding at the range of Two but consider One Heart a fair risk.

When partner bids Two No Trumps I am ready to pull out before worse happens, so I say No Bid. Two No Trumps may be on if partner can bring in the Clubs. The disadvantage of bidding Three Clubs is that partner will probably follow with an inconvenient bid such as Three Diamonds or Three No Trumps.

Question 3

(from Mr. J. Clark, Aldren Road, Tooting)

North-South are vulnerable and the bidding goes:

| SOUTH | WEST | NORTH | EAST |
|-------|------|-------|------|
| 1D | 3S | ? | |

North holds:

♠ K 6 2 ♥ A Q 7 3 ♦ K 6 4 ♣ A 5 2

I bid Four Hearts in this position, intending to force my partner, but he passed and we came to grief. What should North bid and how should he force his partner?

Answer by Terence Reese

I do not know why you should have thought that Four Hearts was anything but a natural call

showing long Hearts. If you are determined to force a bid from your partner you must say Four Spades. But that would be quite unsound: all you can do is bid Three No Trumps, with a bit in hand.

Question 4

(from Miss R. Wilson, Roath Park, Cardiff)

At love all the player on your right opens One Diamond and you hold

♠ A K Q 7 2 ♥ K Q 6 4 3 ♦ 9 ♣ 8 2

I saw this hand played in the London Masters' Individual and found it difficult to decide whether the bid ought to be One or Two Spades, One Heart or Double. What is the opinion of the panel?

Answer by Harold Franklin

One Spade. The shape is unsuitable for a double—the bidding might go too high and I might find it too difficult to show my two suits. For that reason, too, I rule out a jump bid. If I bid One Spade somebody, either partner or even my opponents, will almost certainly give me the chance to bid again. Since I am hoping to bid twice I can afford to bid the suits in the natural sequence. If I begin by bidding Two Spades I may well have done too much if I bid again.

[Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer further questions next week. Listeners' problems should be addressed to 'Bridge Forum', Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and not to The Editor, THE LISTENER]

In Defence of American Capitalism

(continued from page 860)

makes good sense if it makes good economic sense as it not infrequently does. But if something does not make good economic sense, sentiment and idealism ought not to let it in the door. Sentiment is a corrupting influence in business. It can confuse the role of the business man just as much as the profit motive could confuse the role of the government official. The governing rule in industry should be that something is good only if it pays. Otherwise it is alien and impermissible. That is the rule of capitalism and good management wherever it is practised.

If the public wants protection against the uneven consequences of all-out capitalism, let it run to its unions and to government. If business wants protection against unions and government, let it fight for its cause on the open battlefield of manful contention—on the front of economic performance and political pressures. We are not back in the nineteenth century with its uneven matching of economic and political functional groups. Business, government, and unions are

now each big and powerful enough to take care of themselves.

If the all-out competitive prescription sounds austere or harsh, that is only because we persist in judging things by utopian standards. Altruism, self-denial, charity, and similar values are vital in certain walks of life—areas which, because of that fact, are more important to the long-run future than business. But for the most part these virtues are alien to competitive economics. If it sounds callous to hold such a view, and suicidal to publicize it, that is only because business has done nothing to prepare the community to agree with it.

In the end business has only two responsibilities: to obey the elementary canons of everyday civility (honesty, good faith, and so on) and to seek material gain. Few people will man the barricades against capitalism if it is a good provider, if it minds its own business, and if it supports government in the things which are properly government's.

In Britain, government has already gone

further than I believe is desirable; but what is done is done. The point now is that it can be kept from going further by business performing more satisfactorily. We live in a world of pragmatic values. It is by your accomplishments, not your protestations, that you are known. Lord Acton has said that history sacrificed freedom by grasping at impossible justice. That may have special application to the present, where well-intended advocates of a stronger welfare-oriented state do not seem to know where to stop. As for business, its contemporary preoccupation with social responsibility seems intent on adding its own caveat to Acton's unhappy consequence. Its 'do-gooder' gospel is both inappropriate and ineffective. Instead of fighting for its survival by means of a series of strategic retreats which masquerade as industrial statesmanship, business must fight first of all by becoming a better provider. Then, with respect to its enemies, it must fight as if it were at war. And, like a good war, it should be fought gallantly, daringly, and, above all, not piously.—Third Programme

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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

A SUGGESTION FOR DINNER

TO ENCOURAGE DIGESTION, have first a simple soup. Prepare a bunch of leeks by simmering until tender, with the idea of treating them in the Scots fashion—that is, with a cheesy custard—for the meal next day. Save the cooking liquor, which should be only slightly salted. Save also those middle green blades of the leafage, and cut them very thinly across. Cook these strips in the leek water, and stir in 1 teaspoon of vegetable extract for each ½ pint of liquor.

Then I suggest one of those ‘production-line’ chickens, which is big enough for four. Roast with a small onion spiked with 3-4 cloves put inside with a nut of butter, rashers of streaky bacon laid over the breast and protected by a jacket of greased paper until the last ten minutes of forty. Baste with the juices, and remove the bacon to keep warm while the breast browns. Serve with button Brussels sprouts and fluffily mashed potatoes. Put a small glass of red wine in the gravy for sauce.

For the pudding, put four medium-sized Worcester Pearmain apples prepared as follows. Core the apples, and cut the skin all round the middle. Lay the apples on a buttered oven-dish thickly layered with Demerara sugar. Fill the cores with coarse marmalade, finely chopping the chunks and mixing with chopped walnuts. Pour over all a teacup of sweet, still cider, then sprinkle a ‘cap’ of caster sugar on each. Bake for twenty or twenty-five minutes above the chicken, and, when the bird goes to the top of

the oven, put the ‘blackcaps’ in its place. Leave on the lower shelf in milder heat while the chicken is being eaten, then serve with a creamy custard.

VICTOR MACCLURE

PRESERVING LINOLEUM

Linoleum will not last long if you keep scrubbing it, and using very hot water and abrasive cleaning powders, or too much strong soap, or, for that matter, strong soapless detergent. Linoleum is usually made from a mixture of solidified oil and cork dust, and the effect of harsh washing is to make the linoleum porous and brittle, so that water can seep right into the fibres. Where linoleum is concerned, the moment you have moisture creeping in, you have trouble.

However, let us consider how best to preserve the life of linoleum. Now and again you do have to wash it. Then the rule is to use warm water—not very hot water—and with it mild soap, or one of the mild soapless detergents—not too much of either. Instead of a scrubbing brush, use a cloth or a sponge: the cellulose sponges are first-rate for this. The linoleum should then be rinsed in warm water and given a drying rub.

Much the best routine care is wax-polishing. I am not suggesting that you need to bring up a tremendous shine and a surface everyone skids on. You can buy non-slip floor polishes nowadays. The sheen they leave gives you a hygienic and not a lethal finish. One application can last a long time. You may find you like a conventional floor wax, or one including silicones, or

one of the liquid waxes, or a waterwax emulsion, which you simply spread on and leave to harden.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

- THEODORE LEVITT (page 859): American businessman; economic adviser to the Standard Oil Company in Indiana; author of *The Twilight of the Profit Motive*, etc.
- ROBERT NEVILLE (page 861): recently Head of News Bureau for *Time-Life* in Rome
- BERNARD LEWIS (page 863): Professor of History of the Near and Middle East, London University; author of *Arabs in History*, etc.
- MARGARET WEBSTER (page 873): theatrical producer, director, and actress; author of *Shakespeare Without Tears*, *Shakespeare Today*, etc.
- SIR KENNETH CLARK (page 875): Chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain; Director of the National Gallery, 1934-45; author of *Piero della Francesca*, *The Nude*, etc.
- MAURICE CRANSTON (page 877): political scientist; author of *Freedom—A New Analysis* and *John Locke—A Biography*
- PAUL ROUBICZEK (page 879): Lecturer in Philosophy for the Board of Extra-Mural Studies at Cambridge; author of *Thinking Towards Religion*, *Thinking in Opposites*, and *The Misinterpretation of Man*
- LAWRENCE ALLOWAY (page 888): art critic; Deputy Director of the Institute of Contemporary Arts; author of *Nine Abstract Artists*

Crossword No. 1,487.

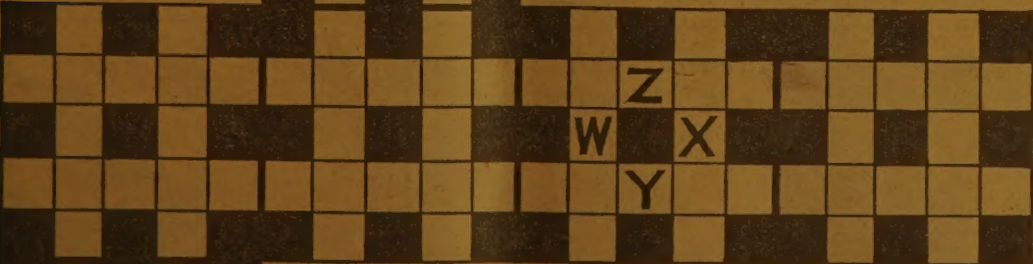
Band-box.

By Wray

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, December 4. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked ‘Crossword’ in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor’s decision is final

Solvers are asked to visualise a cube-shaped box bound round with six bands each bearing four five-lettered words. When correctly completed each face of the chest will show four interlocking words reading clockwise, viz:



NAME.....

.....

.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

The link between face and face is by duplication of letters in adjoining squares. Clues are numbered for reference only and are not in band order.

CLUES

I

1. This Goddess may be seen in a high place at the bullfight
2. British dramatist has varied journeys—in W. France!
3. Father of the House, maybe.
4. The Trojans name calls for an effort.

II

5. Distorted message for Mr. Balderstone
6. Drink for a royal personage.
7. He won the Prix de Rome, and composed operas.
8. ‘In terram — am mulieres ne succedant’

III

9. Bearing of ‘La Belle Dame sans Merci’
10. E.g. Odin, Thor, Tyr, etc.

11. Nymph who used a golden comb for ‘sleeking her soft alluring locks’
12. Nearly all wanton indulgence leads to the gutter.

IV

13. Founder of an Indian dynasty
14. Scientist inventor of vacuum flask
15. Unsuitable response may call for it.
16. Trees afford shelter for an outlaw.

V

17. A mason helped him draw a line.
18. Harangue cut short and reduced to three sayings.
19. Aphetic smear in an ointment.
20. Shoe-maker’s apprentice who loved his master’s daughter

VI

21. Its people live on a different plane.
22. Old English coin takes us to prayer.
23. Ancient poet, naked, penniless, and knocked about.
24. Gin.

Solution of No. 1,485

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | G | O | O | D | G | L | A | S | S | I | N | B | I |
| S | H | O | P | S | H | O | S | T | E | L | I | N | D |
| V | I | L | S | S | E | A | T | F | O | R | T | Y | O |
| E | D | E | G | R | E | E | S | T | H | I | R | T | E |
| N | M | I | N | U | T | E | S | N | O | R | T | H | E |
| S | T | B | Y | N | O | R | T | H | M | A | I | N | B |
| A | N | C | H | S | E | V | E | N | T | H | L | I | M |
| E | A | S | T | S | I | D | E | S | H | O | O | T | E |
| O | M | L | E | F | T | E | Y | E | O | F | D | E | A |
| H | S | H | E | A | D | B | E | E | L | I | N | E | R |
| O | M | T | R | E | E | T | H | R | O | U | G | H | S |
| O | T | E | I | F | T | Y | F | E | E | T | O | U | T |

NOTES

The title was meant as a hint to solvers to try Poe (‘The Gold Bug’). The cipher used was:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I | K | L | M |
| 5 | 2 | — | 7 | 8 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 9 | 0 | 9 |
| N | O | P | R | S | T | U | V | W | Y | | |
| ★ | + | . | (|) | : | ; | ! | ? | | | |

1st prize: L. T. Whitaker (Bournemouth); 2nd prize: D. G. Tahta (St. Albans); 3rd prize: I. M. Smith (Banbury)

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DON'T BECOME A VEGETABLE

Many people, on leaving school, cease to use their pens except for business and occasional letters to friends. They then begin the slow process of vegetating, becoming cabbages at the ripe old age of 35 or so. Others with greater resistance and a larger protein content postpone the metamorphosis for twenty years longer.

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